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HOW FAR?

BY E. R.

Sitting in the twilight my darling came to me,
And said, "I'm tired, papa, as tired as I can be."
And then I took the baby and rocked her on my breast,
And sung a little lullaby to lull her into rest,
Rock, my baby; rock and rest,
Cradled on a loving breast.
Dream, my baby, while I keep
Faithful watch above thy sleep,
Sleep, my baby, dream and rest.

Waking from her slumber asked the child of me,
"How far off is Heaven?" very wistfully.
"Shall I see it some time? Papa, do you know
When I'll be an angel? I would like to go."
"Hush, my darling," sung I then,
As I kissed her lips again,
"Years shall come and years shall go
While I watch your way below.
Sleep, my baby, dream and rest."

In the lonesome twilight of another day
Smiling at my sorrow, baby went away.
She has gone to Heaven, where the angels are.
Oh, my little darling, was the journey far?
Oh, my child, your little feet
Enter first the golden street.
Some day, darling, at the gate,
You will greet me. Watch and wait.
Watch and wait, my child, for me.

MARRED BY FATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC."

CHAPTER VII.

WAS it because he was "the son of an earl," or because of the cool, self-possessed air of command which belonged to him, as red hair and blue eyes belong to another?

"Because I can picture her to myself!"

"What is she like?" asked Jess, leaning forward slightly, and lifting her lovely face.

"Well, I judge her to be rather plain. I'll tell you why; because she's immensely rich, a millionaire's daughter; they're always plain—as is only fair, isn't it?"

Jess laughed softly.

"Perhaps. What else?"

"And she'll be magnificently dressed, in a kind of regal splendor—for the same reason; and there'll be enough diamonds about her to stock a Bond street jeweler—also for the same reason."

Jess laughed again in sheer unconsciousness and unsuspiciousness.

"How hard you are upon her!" she said. "But she may be very nice, for all her splendid dress and diamonds."

"Very likely. No, let's be truthful—very unlikely. Great heiresses never are nice—poor things! You can't have everything, you know!"

"Poor girl!" said Jess, her eyes sparkling. "I daresay she will prove quite the opposite to your imaginary picture. What is her name? Perhaps I know her."

"I don't suppose you do—you are only a visitor here, you see—so I will venture to tell you. She is Miss Newton, the daughter of the South African man."

The fan ceased to move in Jess' hand, her face went white, then crimson; her eyes fell, then rose and fixed themselves—with what splendor of indignation!—on his handsome face.

He was still looking at the crowd, and did not notice her emotion, and, when she spoke, the words struck him like jets of fire, or like sharp pellets of ice.

"I am the Miss Newton you have been sneering at, my lord!" she said.

He ought to have dropped down at her feet, to have reddened with shame, to have stammered with confusion.

He did none of these things, but looked straight before him, and said nothing. It is the strong man's way of taking a blow which would reduce a weak one to driveling and humiliating excuses.

Since his father's blandly candid suggestion that he should, if possible, carry out the steward's idea, and marry the rich Mr. Newton's daughter, he had thought of the solution of the Clanemere difficulties often and deeply, and the more he had considered it, the more repugnant it had become, until he had almost grown to hate the name of "Newton."

He had imagined the girl just as he had described her—big, florid, and clad in gorgeous raiment, redolent of vulgar wealth. And instead——.

It was rather strange that he had not met Jess with her father, and learnt who they were; but he had not happened to do so.

He had been up to town and elsewhere since Jess had been to Ravenhurst; and it had never occurred to him that the shabbily-dressed schoolgirl whom he had traveled down with could be the millionaire's daughter.

He stood, looking before him, while one could count, say, fifty; then he looked down at Jess—at the oval face, pale now; at the gray-blue eyes, almost black with the intensity of her indignation and wounded pride; at the soft black hair, which broke into ripples on the low brow; at the red lips, set firmly with pain and anger.

Great Heaven! how beautiful she was! More than beautiful—bewitching, with the nameless charm with which strength of character, great capacity of feeling, quick senses endow their lucky—or unlucky—owner.

And there was not a trace of vulgarity about her, not a hint of the purse-proud parvenue. Her dress, though costly, was simple almost to plainness; the pearls—well, he knew that they must have cost a large sum—but, great aunt!—who ever heard of the daughter of a "new" man, a millionaire, being content with anything less than diamonds as big as pigeon's eggs!

Mentally, he cursed the man who had introduced them, for mumbling her name—curse his own density; but, outwardly, he looked quite cool and self possessed; rather grave, perhaps, but certainly not crushed and wiped out by his fatal blunder.

Was he never going to speak, she wondered as she, too, looked straight before her at the crowd which whirled and jigged past the doorway.

At last he said, quite quietly, slowly, as if he were weighing his words—

"I won't ask you to forgive me, Miss Newton—it would be useless."

"It would!" said Jess, like ice.

"Yes, I know!" he assented. "It is quite unpardonable. But I should like to say a few words; you know they always permit the poor dev— fellow to say something before the judge puts on the black cap and sentences him."

"And he generally makes it worse, doesn't he?" said Jess, coldly, discouragingly.

"I daresay. I don't suppose for a moment that anything I may say will make you feel like forgiving me—oh, no! But I want to remind you that you told me when I asked you, coming down in the train, that you were going to pay a visit here. Now Mr. Newton has a house, lives here; you can't call it paying a visit, you know."

A faint, very faint, color rose to Jess' face, and her eyes dropped, for the first time.

"I didn't know," she said. "I thought I might have been. I didn't know anything of my father's affairs, or that he was living here."

"I see," he said. "It sounds strange——"

"Do you disbelieve me?" flashed Jess.

"Great Heavens! no!" he declared, swiftly. "I shouldn't disbelieve you, if you were to tell me that—that December comes after January."

"As it does—if you wait," said Jess, sharply.

"Then——" He hesitated.

"Oh! please go on," she said, scornfully. "Do not regard my feelings. You cannot say anything worse than you have said—if you try."

"All right," he said; "I will go on. I was going to say that—that, well, you didn't look like the daughter of a fabulously rich man. You see, I'm obliged to be frank. I know I've got to be hanged; but I should like the judge and jury to understand how I came to commit the crime."

"I understand," she said. "It was because I—I was poorly dressed, shabby and alone."

At the word "alone" she remembered all in a moment, how good he had been to her; how thoughtfully, carefully, he had cared for her comfort; how swift he had been to avenge her upon the clumsy, tipsy clown; and she caught her breath.

"I did not know that I was rich then; I had no better clothes. My father—— Oh! what does it matter?"

"I beg your pardon," he said. "It matters a great deal to me. I know you are thinking very badly of me."

"I am," said Jess, quietly.

"Of course. I should like to know how badly you think. Would you mind telling me?"

He asked the question gravely, seriously, as if he really wanted to know the worst.

"Yes, I will tell you," said Jess. "I think you are very proud, and contemptuous, and scornful."

"Thank heaven, that isn't true!" he said fervently.

"But it is," she asserted, emphatically. "I don't know very much about the world, or anything else, but I've read of the pride and conceit of the well born people, and I know now why my father——"

"Oh, go on!" he said, with an air of resignation and patience. "It is your turn now; don't spare me."

"I haven't the least desire to spare you!" retorted Jess, flushing. "If I could hurt you as—yes, as you hurt me, I should be glad—glad! But I know that I can't, that you'll be sure to laugh at everything I say—when you get home—and think it a great joke."

"It's the worst kind of joke I've ever taken part in," he remarked. "But you were saying that your father——"

"My father dislikes the class to which you belong, all high-born, aristocratic people; and I can understand why, after tonight! Why should you think yourselves better than other people who are not 'my lords' and 'my ladies?' They may be as good as you in other ways——"

"Most of 'em are better, I hope!" he slid in.

"They may be as clever, as well mannered, as free from vulgarity as yourselves!"

"Most of 'my class,' as you put it, are fools, and a lot of them are as vulgar as—costermongers," he said, quietly.

"I can believe it!" she remarked, crushingly.

"Judging by me?" he said.

"Well, it was foolish to conclude that, because a girl's father happened to be rich, she must be ugly, and dress like—like—a Mayday sweep! And it was vulgar to sneer at her, even if your conclusions were right."

"What a brute you make me feel!" he said, his face darkening, his lips set tight. "But I am only getting what I deserve. Yes, it would have been better to have taken my sentence without uttering any plea for mercy. I won't say another word. I suppose, after tonight, you will cut me dead whenever we chance to meet, Miss Newton?"

The earnestness with which he put the question, touched Jess, whose anger and indignation had cooled, though by no means evaporated.

"We are not likely to meet, Lord Ravenhurst," she said, coldly.

"You say that as if you were glad."

Jess raised her eyes to his face.

"Why should I be sorry?" she asked. "Every time I saw you I should remember what you had said to me, what you expected me to be."

"Of course," he assented, grimly. "Well, I will keep out of your sight as much as possible, Miss Newton; but—but I shall be very grateful if you will refrain from cutting me, if we should chance to meet."

Before Jess could refuse to grant the humble request, her father entered the refreshment room, with one of the stewards, and, as Jess rose and put her hand on her father's arm, the steward said, "Oh, Lord Ravenhurst, let me make you and Mr. Newton known to each other." And he introduced them.

Mr. Newton bowed slightly, and rather coldly, then, as if remembering, he said—

"I am glad to have an opportunity of thanking you for your kindness to my daughter, Lord Ravenhurst; she has told me of the way in which you protected her from insult in the train."

"I am very glad that I was able to be of service to Miss Newton," said Ravenhurst, "and very glad to meet you." As he spoke young Forde came in, searching for Jess.

"This is my dance at last, Miss Newton," he said, eagerly, and he bore her off. Jess, glancing back, saw her father and Lord Ravenhurst still talking together.

By this time the ball had "warmed up." Some of the men—and the women, also—were flushed; the sound of laughter mingled with the music; men danced rather wildly, and held their partners more tightly than they had done an hour or two ago.

Jess and Frank Forde started. He had spoken the truth when he said he danced badly, and the very desire to do his best on this occasion made him nervous and do his worst.

"I—I'm afraid I haven't got your step; I'm spoiling your dance!" he said, miserably, as they banged against couple after couple, and he felt that they were dancing neither in time nor in tune.

"Oh, it is all right," said Jess, cheerfully. She was not thinking of the waltz, or her partner, but of Lord Ravenhurst, and the battle they had fought. "We shall get on better directly."

"What a fool I was not to learn to dance when I had a chance!" murmured Frank.

"It—is—not—too late now!" panted Jess, as he made a false step, got his feet entangled in her dress, and nearly threw them both down. "You only want practice."

He stopped suddenly.

"I won't torture you any longer," he said.

"Very well," said Jess, with a feeling of

relief. "We will go and sit down for the rest of the dance."

They made their way to a comparatively quiet corner, and he stood beside her, mopping his face, and looking at her with distressful penitence.

"I wish we were anywhere else but here!" he said, almost under his breath.

If they had been in the hunting field, amongst the turnips with the guns, anywhere in the open air, and engaged in outdoor sport, he could have held his own; but here, anyone of the men who were gliding round with easy confidence, could beat him.

He breathed fast, with something more than the stress of the dance, as he looked down at her. He had fallen in love with her the first moment he saw her, and tonight her beauty, set off so perfectly by the white dress, was rapidly fanning the first flame of love into a consuming fire of passion. And yet he could find nothing to say to her; the very intensity of his emotion struck him dumb.

"Let me fan you?" he said, so suddenly, that Jess, who was watching Lord Ravenhurst, that he leant against the wall, talking to one of the chaperons, almost started. "I suppose it is a great success?"

"Oh, yes; I should think so," said Jess. "Everyone seems to be enjoying themselves. And how pretty the room looks, with the light and the brilliant dresses! Oh, yes; it is delightful!"

The young fellow groaned aloud, and his fingers closed upon the fan spasmodically, so that the delicate sticks of mother of pearl were in imminent danger.

"I don't wonder at your finding it so!" he said. "You are the admired of all admirers; you are the belle to-night——"

Jess looked at him with wide-open eyes, and laughed.

"How can you say anything so ridiculous!" she said, rebukingly. "Why, there are dozens of prettier girls than I am, and ever so many prettier dresses."

"No there aren't," he said, almost stubbornly. "There is not one of either half so beautiful. There, I suppose I've offended you—but it's the truth."

Jess did not blush.

"It is too direct and knock-down a compliment to be taken seriously," she said. "But I suppose you will say the same thing to the next girl." And she laughed again, light heartedly.

"It is not a compliment——" he was beginning, eagerly, when Jess' next partner came to claim her, and was carried off from Frank.

He stood and watched her, moodily, jealously, for a few minutes; then he went up to Mrs. De Ponsonby Brown.

"I am going home!" he said, curtly.

"Why, what is the matter?" she asked, with surprise.

"Matter?" he said. "Nothing. I have not broken my leg, or got the toothache, or anything of that kind, if that is what you mean. I'm tired of it, that's all."

Mrs. Brown looked after him, wonderingly.

"I can't think what has come to Frank!" she said, to her husband, who had sauntered in from the refreshment-room, where he spent most of the evening. "He has gone off in a huff of some sort or other."

"So long as he hasn't gone off in the brougham, and left us to walk, it doesn't matter," said Mr. Brown, laughing, as he passed on to the smoking-room.

Frank Forde, though he left the room, did not go home, but stood just outside the door of the hall, and ate, rather than smoked, a cigarette.

He had been happy and free from care until he had blundered into his cousin's drawing room the other day—was it only the other day, or ten, twenty, years ago?—and found a young girl with, say, blue eyes, and curved, smiling lips, sitting quietly there.

What had come to him? he asked himself. Was he going out of his mind? Oh! he must be, or he would go home, instead of waiting outside Burley Town Hall, with the maddening strains of the waltz he couldn't dance to buzzing in his head, on a chance of getting a glimpse of that witching face, a touch of the little hand, a word from the sweet, clear voice.

Meanwhile the ball went on its course. If there had been any doubt about Jess' triumph, the hours, as they passed, would have dispelled it.

Her programme had been filled soon after she had entered the room; but the men who had not been fortunate enough to secure a dance gathered round her, in the well-bred, but unmistakable way which indicates a girl's success.

The delicate ivory of her face was tinted now with the color of a blush rose; her eyes were dark and sparkling, her voice rippling with happiness.

The women were looking at her, some with envy, some with admiration and the wistful sigh which is so eloquent.

"Her first ball!" said one. "What will it be when she goes up to London? That girl can marry a duke, if she pleases!"

Now and again Jess saw Lord Ravenhurst; indeed, it was difficult not to see him, for he towered above most of the men present.

He danced with one and another—mostly with his personal friends, married women and plain girls, but for the greater part of the time he leant against the wall talking to the men.

Once Jess caught his eye—he was looking at her, not intently, but thoughtfully, but he removed his gaze as their eyes met, and he did not join the throng of eager courtiers which surrounded her during the intervals between the dances.

The time sped on, and as the last of the "extras" was approaching, her father came up to her.

"Time for flitting!" he said, with a smile.

She rose instantly and took his arm. They went down the stairs, and a dozen voices shouted, "Mr. Newton's carriage." The handsome chariot drew up, and Frank Forde, who had been waiting for just this one moment, sprang forward and opened the door.

"Oh, I have left my fan!" exclaimed Jess, with her foot on the step.

"Never mind," said Mr. Newton, who was tired and wanted to get home. "It is of no consequence."

"Here's Miss Newton's fan," said a voice beside them; and Jess, looking over her shoulder saw Lord Ravenhurst with the fan in his hand.

"I saw you lay it down before the dance," he said, gravely.

The color rose to Jess' face.

"Oh, thank you," she said, coldly; and as she took the fan she gave him the slightest of bows.

Frank Forde closed the door.

"Good-night, Miss Newton," he said, rather huskily.

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Forde?" said Jess. "The darkness is so confusing after the light! Good-night!" and she gave him her hand and smiled graciously.

The two men were left side by side, and looking after the carriage.

"Good ball, eh, Forde?" said Lord Ravenhurst.

"Eh? Oh—oh, yes!" said Frank; and he turned up his collar and walked away.

Jess leant back in the softly-padded carriage, and drew a long breath.

"Oh, how delightful, how beautiful it has been, father," she said.

"I am glad you enjoyed yourself, Jess," he said, with a touch of pride in his tone. "You have danced every dance!"

"Every one!" she assented.

"And which did you enjoy best?" he asked carelessly.

She thought for a moment, then she said, in a slightly constrained voice—

"The one with Lord Ravenhurst!"

Mr. Newton glanced at her as if waiting for the reason.

"Ah, yes," he said, thoughtfully. "I had some conversation with him. He is rather unlike what I expected him to be."

"As how?" asked Jess.

Mr. Newton was silent for a moment, then he replied—

"Well, most of his class—those I have met—are fools. Lord Ravenhurst appears to be an exception."

"I don't think he is a—fool," said Jess, in a low voice.

"More of a knave, perhaps?" asked Mr. Newton. "Of the two the latter is preferable as an acquaintance. And I don't desire to have his lordship for anything else!"

"Why?" asked Jess, from the folds of her opera cloak.

"Because he does not bear the best of characters," he replied, curtly. "I am glad you enjoyed it, Jess. I am afraid you will be very tired to-morrow—or rather, to day: it is past three now!"

Ravenhurst, after the Newton chariot had rolled away got his coat and hat and went down the line of carriages in search of the Castle brougham; but when he had found it, instead of getting in he said to the coachman—

"I'll walk back, Burrows," and strode off in the direction of the Castle.

A moonlight night was always chosen for the Burley ball, and as he walked along in the soft serene rays, Lord Ravenhurst thought of Jess.

He had offended her beyond pardon, there was no chance of his carrying out his father's suggestion now, and yet he could not help thinking of her. It was not only her beauty that haunted him—Bruce Ravenhurst had met plenty of beautiful women in his time—but her pluck and spirit.

Most girls would have been confused, overwhelmed by embarrassment at his blunder, but Jess had risen to the occasion and dealt out scorn for scorn, contempt for contempt.

The oval face, with its gray-blue eyes, its frame of dark hair flashed before him in the moonlight like a witch's charm; the voice rang softly, yet clearly in his ears. That nameless charm, which some favoring fairy had bestowed upon Jess, took possession of his senses.

"Confound the girl!" he muttered. "I can't get her out of my mind!"

When he got home his valet mixed him a brandy and soda, and he lit a big cigar; but even their potent influence could not exercise the phantom of a young girl's face, a young girl's voice, which haunted him, and, when he fell asleep, he dreamt of Jess—Jess, who had bluntly told him he was—what? A brute, an idiot!

He got up about noon, and, with a cigarette in his lips, went on to the terrace. His father was seated in a capacious and luxurious chair, and basking in the warmth and light of the sun.

"Ah, Bruce!" said the earl, with a nod, "Just up? The ball? Ah, yes, I had forgotten! Was it a good one."

"Yes, I suppose so, sir," said Ravenhurst, dropping into the stone seat near the chair. The earl's valet withdrew out of hearing.

"I hope you enjoyed yourself, Bruce?"

Ravenhurst shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, yes."

"I am glad. It used to be a good ball; rather mixed, but enjoyable." He paused a moment. "Did you meet the young heiress, Bruce?"

Ravenhurst nodded, "Yes."

"And what is she like? Tell me. I am almost afraid to ask; you look so grave. One can so easily imagine! One pictures a girl of that kind with such facility! I am afraid she was very outre, Bruce. Big—yes, she would be sure to be big;—overdressed—they always overdress!—and, of course, covered with jewelry, in the worst possible taste! Sincerely, my dear Bruce, I sympathize with you, and, though, I know it is selfish, I am glad that it is not I who have to save the ancestral acres by a rich marriage.

Ravenhurst lit a fresh cigarette before answering.

"You are all wrong, sir," he said, quietly. "Miss Newton is not at all 'big.' She is a slim young girl, and exceedingly graceful."

"Really?" The earl glanced at him with a smile, then turned to the familiar view again.

"She was dressed in exquisite taste—Worth, I should think—and she wore no ornaments but pearls."

"In—deed!" murmured the earl, very much interested.

"Yes; and she was as well-bred, as self-possessed, and as unaffected, as—Gwendoline."

Lady Gwendoline was the earl's favorite niece, and the pink of perfection in his eyes.

"Really!" he murmured.

"Miss Newton reminded me of her. She has a remarkably sweet voice, not ringing, but clear as a bell—small hands and feet; and she is as pretty as a—a flower. Blue eyes, with dark brows and lashes, and soft, curly hair."

The earl looked at him with an amused smile.

"Very satisfactory," he said. "I am glad you approve of her so highly. I did not know that you were so keen an observer, Bruce!" He laughed and nodded. "You have made quite an effective picture of her. Yes, it is very satisfactory."

Ravenhurst colored slightly, and examined his cigarette with averted eyes.

"It isn't satisfactory at all, sir," he said.

"How do you mean?"

"I'm afraid Miss Newton will not have anything further to say to me," replied Lord Ravenhurst, quietly.

The earl stared at him with surprise. That any woman should refuse this son of his seemed improbable; that a young girl, fresh from school, the daughter of a nobody, should do so, was simply ridiculous, incredible.

"Not have anything——! My dear Bruce, what can you mean?"

"What I say, sir, said Lord Ravenhurst, slowly and coolly. "I have had the misfortune to offend Miss Newton—it doesn't matter how—and I am as likely to get her forgiveness as I am to get the Crown of England."

The earl moved round in his chair, and stared at him with a mixture of amusement, astonishment, and incredulity.

"My dear Bruce! Pardon me; but it sounds so—so absurd."

"I daresay," assented Lord Ravenhurst, with just a touch of irritability; "but its true. You would understand it if you saw her—knew her. She is quite unlike the ordinary run of women. Quite—what do you call it?—unconventional, and all that. If you had heard her speak her mind, and tell me what she thought of me—quite plainly, like one man to another—you would know that the thing is hopeless."

The earl was silent for a moment; then he said—

"What is the man, the father, like?"

"A gentlemanly man, as hard and as keen as—as nails. If you think you would help me, you are mistaken," he added, as if he read his father's thoughts.

"He is not at all the sort of man to—to want to marry his daughter into the peerage. In fact he was not at all anxious to make my acquaintance, and, after he had said a few civil words, put me back pretty plainly."

The earl sighed, as if he were puzzled as well as disappointed.

"Upon my word, I don't understand it, Bruce," he said. Then he smiled. "Benson will be dreadfully disappointed," and he spoke as if the affair were entirely one of the steward's. "I should like to see the young lady. I might call——"

"I should advise you not to do so," said Lord Ravenhurst. "I fancy you would get a cool reception." And, with rather a grim laugh, he rose, and sauntered down the steps into the garden.

CHAPTER VIII.

JESS might have said, with Byron, that she woke, after the ball, to find herself famous—in a social sense. The neighborhood suddenly discovered that it was the proper thing to make much of Mr. Newton and his daughter, and a storm of cards and invitations fell upon the Grange.

No tennis-party, picnic, afternoon "At Home," or dinner was considered quite complete without the presence of the African millionaire and the daughter who had made such a sensation at the Orphan Society's ball; and Jess was amused and a little bewildered by the popularity which had so suddenly come to her.

She took all the fuss and the homage modestly enough, and not even the envious—and they were many—could honestly say that she was elated or puffed up by the fact that, wherever she went, she was the centre of attraction.

At all the social gatherings she met Frank Forde. Indeed he seemed to have become her shadow. Scarcely a day passed but he found himself at the Grange, on some excuse or other. Sometimes he came with a book his cousin had promised to lend Jess; or he wanted to know if she would go over to the Mount and play tennis; or he had "just dropped in" to ask Mr. Newton's opinion about a horse.

The arrival of a small pair of ponies and phaeton served as an excellent excuse for his visits; for Jess, who suspected nothing, accepted his offer to teach her to drive, and set about acquiring the art with her usual zest and eagerness.

The young man's heart beat like a piston-rod the first morning they drove out, and he could scarcely keep his eyes from wandering from the high-spirited ponies to the face of the lovely girl who sat beside him, her lips a little apart, her face slightly flushed, the wonderful eyes all aglow with pleasure and excitement.

They made a pretty picture as they drove along the lanes and well-kept roads; and the persons they met nodded and smiled to them, and then to themselves and significantly.

But Jess was all unconsciousness and innocence. She had never thought of love, at any rate, in connection with herself, and was so engrossed by the ponies that she did not notice the rapt look in the eyes of the young man beside her.

"Do you think I am getting on?" she asked, during the third lesson. "I don't pull their mouths so hard as I did, do I? I hope not! They have such soft, smooth mouths; it seems a shame to put a hard iron bit into them."

"You are getting on splendidly!" he said, waking up from a day-dream of such possible happiness and joy that he was half-dazed by its splendor. "You'll make a splendid whip! But there isn't anything you couldn't learn!"

"A master should never flatter his pupil," said Jess, with a laugh. "You don't understand the art of teaching; you ought to be stern, and bully me, and tell me I haven't any brains. Oh! I was

nearly over the kerb that time! Now, why don't you scold me?"

"I couldn't!" he said, solemnly. "No one could!"

"Oh! couldn't they? You don't happen to know Miss Grimes or Miss Shaddock, or you wouldn't say that! Oh, how they pull! Do you think they would bolt if—if I let them go?"

"Give them to me for a minute or two, and rest your hands," he said.

His touched hers, got entangled with them somehow, and the color rushed to his face and then rushed away again, and he breathed hard, and stared straight in front of him; but Jess did not see these signs of the fatal malady, and leant back with a little sigh of relief and enjoyment.

"What a lovely thing life is!" she said, almost to herself.

"Yes—when you've got everything you want!" he said, in too low a voice for the diminutive tiger in the rumble behind to hear.

"And I have—everything!" said Jess, with a heavenly smile. "Haven't you?"

He bit his lip.

"No," he said; "not everything."

She just glanced at him with faint surprise.

"No? Now what can you want! I call it ungrateful to say that! You are young and strong—you hold them as if they were mine! And you are rich—Mrs. Brown has told me of that beautiful old place of yours—and you can do all sorts of things. Oh! what can you want?"

It was a dangerous question, made all the more dangerous by the innocent eyes, and sweet, frank voice, and he longed to say—

"I want—you!" But he dared not; he was afraid of startling her, afraid of the "No," which he felt sure would spring from the soft, curved lips. He must wait—wait!

Suddenly, as he gave her the reins again, a tall dog-cart, with a tandem pair, came round a corner. Lord Ravenhurst was driving. Jess had not met him since the ball, and she felt that she would give the world not to blush; but though she bit her lip, and tried hard to keep the tell-tale blush from rising, it rose in spite of her, and covered her face.

He was driving hard, as usual; the lane was narrow. He looked at her, with a swift, questioning glance of his dark eyes; then, as he raised his hat, he spoke a word to the groom behind, and pulled the horses right up against the hedge as the man dropped down and stood at the leader's head.

Jess bowed slightly, murmured, "Thank you!" and, fumbling at the reins, drove past in the clear, open space he had left her.

"Lord Ravenhurst has become polite all at once," remarked Frank Forde, looking after him, with not too friendly an expression.

"Isn't he always polite?" asked Jess, trying to speak indifferently.

The sudden meeting had recalled the scene at the ball room to her mind and, to her annoyance, she felt her heart beating more quickly than it had done before the tall dog cart had come in sight.

"Not always," replied Frank. "I hate fellows who swagger."

"Does Lord Ravenhurst swagger?"

"Yes; at least, I think so. But all cavalry men do, more or less. Then he's a lord, a Clansmere into the bargain; and, no doubt, he can't help it."

"You don't like him," said Jess, as if she had suddenly made quite a new discovery.

"Not much," he said, emphatically, and he changed the subject.

But Jess had become rather preoccupied and absent-minded; and presently she gave him the reins, and leaning back said, "I'll let you drive them home; isn't it good of me!"

She had not cut him, she had indeed spoken to him, first. How promptly he had drawn the big horses out of her way; how handsome and—not proud, but humbly dignified, he had looked as he raised his hat. He had not spoken, as if he had not dared, would not presume, to do so.

And yet Frank Forde accused him of swaggering; he had not swaggered to her.

She tried to get him out of her mind, but he was not to be thrust aside, and he returned and gave her cause for thought several hours that day.

The next morning Frank came round to give the usual driving lesson; but one of the ponies had gone to be shod, and Jess was nowhere to be found.

Miss Newton had gone out for a walk, he was told; and he went slowly home, feeling as if the sun had suddenly undergone a complete eclipse.

Jess had gone down the village with a basket of grapes for a sick child, and after sitting with it and talking to the mother for a time, she turned homewards; but at the bridge which crossed the Raven, she stopped and looked over at the river which was now almost in a rage and rushing through the old arches in quite a turbulent and furious fashion.

At one end of the bridge was a wicket-gate which opened on to a path, and it looked so tempting that Jess decided to take a walk beside the brawling stream.

She followed the path for a time, then mounted the hill at the foot of which it ran, intending to descend presently and reach the path again, and so home by the next bridge which crossed the Raven about two miles lower down.

The air was soft, yet fine, clouds now and again sailed serenely across the sun. It was a lovely fishing morning, and once or twice Jess, as she looked down at the river, now a great way below her, saw a salmon leap, a flash of silver against the brownish water.

After a time she began to think of going down to the path, and she looked for a likely spot to commence the descent.

She came to one presently, and following a sheep track made her way with perfect ease until she had got tolerably near the water.

At that point, however, the path seemed to cease, the descent became steeper, and, to add to the difficulty, a small landslip made a kind of miniature precipice.

Jess looked round her. She was as sure-footed as a goat, and not given to giddiness, and it never occurred to her that there would be any real trouble in reaching the path below; she went down lightly, singing softly to herself, and without taking any particular heed to her steps, but suddenly her foot slipped on a stone, she bore too heavily on the ground beneath her, and it gave way.

She fell, or slipped, a few paces, and then brought up against a young ash, at which she clutched and so stopped herself. She was now within a few yards of the river beneath her. The hill was almost a cliff where she stood, and there was no trace of a track, and no promise of secure footing either up or down.

With her foot pressed against the bottom of the ash, she clung to it and looked down. It is an unwise thing to do, however steady-headed one may be, and, as Jess looked at the rushing, brownish water, she felt a sudden giddiness assail her.

If anyone had told her, a minute before, that she could not stand upright without clutching that tree, she would have laughed him to scorn, but now she felt as if her life depended upon the supple ash which bent even beneath her light weight.

Everyone knows the feeling; it is the fatal vertigo which attacks sometimes the strongest mountaineer. Jess wondered how deep the water was just below her, and what would happen if she fell; and it seemed as if there was nothing for her but to fall, for she was trembling, and felt powerless to move hand or foot, to do anything but climb with feverish tenacity to the slightest tree.

She tried to laugh, but the laugh sounded weak and hollow, and her brain seemed to whirl in time to the whirl of the river below.

She thought of her father; wondered whether the river would carry her down Ravenhurst bridge, or keep her hidden from sight in one of the dark pools in which the salmon lay; and at the thought she shuddered, and clung still more tightly to her frail support.

It was at this moment that she heard a new sound below her, and opening her eyes—for she had been forced to close them—she saw a figure wading up the stream.

It was Lord Ravenhurst, with a rod in his hand, and net and basket on his back, and his pipe in his mouth.

Even at that moment she noticed the ease and grace of the tall, closely-knit figure, as it moved without any apparent difficulty up the brawling stream.

He was one of those who despised the protection of waders, and the water was surging almost to his waist. She wondered how he could stand against the stream, which seemed to rush against him angrily; but he threw the fly, and smoked as serenely, as if he were walking in a meadow.

Presently, moving slowly, he came just below her. Should she call to him? Pride said "No! Die, rather!" But Fear whined. "Call, and be saved!"

While she was being pulled this way and that by the two sentiments, Ravenhurst chanced to look up at the sky, and saw her.

He paused in the act of throwing his fly, stood for an instant looking up at her, as if he doubted the evidence of his eyes, then a swift change came into his expression, and he approached the edge of the stream, from which the hill-cliff rose like a wall, and raised his cap.

"Is that you, Miss Newton?" he said, as casually as he could; though it was hard to appear unconcerned with that white face above him.

"Yes," said Jess; and her voice sounded hollow, and far away to her own ears.

"How on earth did you come there?" he asked. "But that doesn't matter. Don't move!" he added quickly, as he saw her sway slightly, and the ash bend perilously.

"I won't if I can help it," she said. "I cannot move. I feel as if I were turned into stone, paralysed!"

"I know!" he said, quickly. He looked round. It was hopeless to attempt to climb to her; before he could find a place at which he could ascend, she would have fainted and fallen! He flung his pipe away, and taking a small spirit flask from his pocket, fastened it to the end of his rod and raised it up to her.

"Let go the tree with one hand," and take the flask," he said. "You will feel better after a drink. Then you must climb up carefully. There is better foothold to your right."

Jess nodded. "Thanks!" she said, faintly; and, trembling, she reached for the flask—and knocked it off the rod.

It fell into the water with a heavy splash, and at the sound, the little strength remaining to her seemed to leave her.

She gave a long-drawn sigh, and smiled down at him wanly.

"Is—is it very deep?" she said.

He answered her by wading directly beneath her. The water come above his waist, but fortunately he was in a still pool, and he could stand.

"Now," he said, quietly, very quietly, but in a tone of command, "let go the tree slowly, one hand at a time, and slide, slip down."

"I—I cannot!" she said, closing her eyes and shivering as if with cold.

"You must," he said; "and at once!" for he saw that she was just at fainting point. "Don't be afraid! Do you think I shall let you fall?" As he spoke he laughed derisively, mockingly. "Do as I tell you, please."

She looked down at him, trying to smile still, but the lips which had haunted him by night and day, were drawn tightly with the pain of terror.

"Come!" he said, almost sternly.

Her lips tried to move, to say the word "Yes," then, feeling as if she were leaving life behind her and plunging into death, she unclasped one hand, swayed to and fro, then the other, and fell into his arms.

He was nearly overborne—for standing in water and on dry land are two very different things—but he set his teeth hard, and kept his foothold; and Jess as she passed into that state which is twin brother in death, felt his arms tighten round her, felt her head sink on his shoulder, and his warm breath on her face as he pressed it to his, soothingly, encouragingly—and lovingly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.—This story is told of a well-known gentleman of simple tastes, some of which are not shared by his wife. He likes to do things that he used to do when he was a happy boy in his rural home.

One day, according to his own account of the matter, he was sitting at the back of his house shelling a big dish of peas. It was the servant's work, of course, but he was doing it for pleasure, and in his gardening clothes. His wife, meanwhile, was entertaining some stylish callers. Suddenly he heard one of the ladies say—

"Oh, I must see your pretty garden. I have heard so much about it."

The next instant a window was opened, and out popped two pretty bonnets. The master of the house was in a strait.

His wife would be terribly mortified, he knew, if he were discovered. With great self-possession he turned his head away and continued his work. His wife was not a bit behind him in quickness of resource.

"Patrick," she said, "you mustn't forget to mow the grass before Mr. —— comes home."

"Yis, ma'am," answered the pea sheller, with his best brogue; and the crisis was safely passed.

LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

Bric-a-Brac.

BIRDS.—The reason why birds do not fall off their perch when asleep is because they cannot open the foot when the leg is bent. Thus a hen while walking must close its toes as it raises the foot, and open them as it touches the ground.

BRICKS.—There is probably no building material so durable as well-made bricks. In the British Museum are bricks taken from the buildings in Nineveh and Babylon, which show no sign of decay or disintegration, although the ancients did not burn or bake them, but merely dried them in the sun.

LEAP YEAR.—The present year, 1896, is a Leap Year; such a year will not occur again for eight years. This arises from the year 1900 having been specially excluded by Pope Gregory, together with 1700 and 1800, as in his adjustment of the calendar three genuine Leap Years had to be deprived of their rights. The year selected were those of the centuries which were not divisible without remainder by 400.

TERRIERS.—There are terriers of all kinds, and very popular dogs they are, too. But why are they called "terriers?" Well, there is in the Latin language a word terra, meaning "earth," and it was seen of most of these dogs that they were good hunters of animals, quick at following them to their holes in the earth and at routing them out of these burrows of theirs. So the dogs came to known as "terriers," or "earthers." Tray, which was once a pretty common name for a dog, is just short for Terrier.

CARPET DUST.—After five years' wear and tear, few carpets can have any value whatever. It depends, however, upon where the carpet has been laid down. For instance, one of the rooms of the mint at San Francisco was stripped of its carpet after it had been trodden on for five years. Was it then handed to the deserving poor, or the rag and bone merchant? By no means. It was cut up into little pieces, which were then burnt in pans, and from the ashes there were got gold and silver to the value of $2,500. Thus that carpet was worth a great deal more at the end of five years' service than it was when it was brand new.

THE MOHAMMEDANS.—The Mohammedan women believe that a man who eats the flesh of an owl becomes the obedient slave of his wife. The common people will never utter the name of the bat at night, believing that he who does so will soon lose all his property. The pigeon is thought to be suspicious; and these birds are carefully reared in houses, which they are believed to preserve from decay. The screeching of the kite brings serious misfortune, the sight of the hawk famine and oppression, and the approach of the vulture, death; all these three being regarded as unlucky birds. By whirling a kite round the head of a Mussulman child on a Tuesday or a Saturday, and then letting it go, great blessings are insured to the little one, and fowlers trade on this superstition, of course. Kites sometimes carry off gold ornaments; and Mohammedan women say that the reason is because the young kites will not open their eyes till some gold is placed in their nest; hence the saying, "The philosopher's stone is in the kite's nest."

CHILD ANSWERS.—The publication from time to time of answers made by children to questions at school examinations make most amusing reading; but it has been reserved for a small Welsh boy to eclipse his predecessors in general vagueness and mixedness as to the sequence of historical events. He had to write an essay on "The Greatest Widower," and this is his production: "King Henry VIII. was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anno Domini in the year 1000. He had 510 wives, besides children. The first was beheaded and executed. The second was revoked. She never smiled again, but she said the word 'Calais' would be found on her heart after her death. The greatest man in this reign was Lord Sir Garret Wolsey. He was sir named the Boy Bachelor. He was born at the age of fifteen, unmarried. Henry 8 was succeeded on the throne by his great grandmother, the beautiful and accomplished Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake, or the Lady of the Last Minstrel." It is not boys alone who distinguish themselves at these examinations, for it was a girl who wrote, "The Middle Ages is that period of history which lies between antiquity and posterity."

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

BY A. M.

My best belov'd one! tho' thou art so chill,
Thou canst not chill my love; it is a part
Of my soul's soul; it is my dearer heart,
Whose feverish pulses Death alone can still.
Love thee I must, tho' Love doth treat me ill,
Piercing my breast with many a cruel dart,
But healing is no more with rapture's thrill,
For thou canst leave me now, so cold thou art!

Dear love farewell! These thorns do pierce me sore,
For of Love's rose the thorns alone I reap!
The passion flow'r for me hath no sweet core;
Lay on my lips the crimson flow'rs of sleep,
The lethal poppies from a sunless shore,
Where the wan god of death his throne doth keep.
Hypnos! thy spell shall break not as of yore,
And I shall sleep to dream, and wake to weep
'Neath thee, Oneiros, god of dreams!—no more!

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

HE was half startled. He watched her as she went up the broad staircase, the white, shining silk, the gleaming opals, the golden hair, the fair, sweet face—watched her until she was out of sight; then, despite his happiness, he turned away with a sigh.

"She will be my own to-morrow, and I shall not need to feel anxious over her," he said to himself; and then he went in to smoke his cigar with the earl.

Doris called in Mattie's room and said:

"Good-night. Have you any nice book lying about here, Mattie?" she asked. "I know quite well that I shall not sleep; I do not feel the least tired."

She chose one of the volumes Mattie brought to her.

"I should like to read that story papa was telling us of," she said; "but it is in the library, and he is smoking there with Earle."

"I would not read it: a gloomy, melancholy story like that is not fit for your wedding-eve."

Doris stood with the waxen taper in her hand.

"Even," she said, "if a girl has not been quite good, even if she has been what good people call wicked, it would be cruel to kill her on her wedding-eve, would it not?"

"What a strange idea, Doris!—and how strange you look! Put that book away and go to sleep, so that Earle may see bright eyes to-morrow."

They parted, and Doris passed into her own room. According to her usual custom, she locked the door and took out the key.

The first room was her sleeping-room. She did not wait there; it was empty. She had told Eugenie, her maid, not to wait for her on that evening, as she might be late. Then came the bath and dressing-room; they also were empty, although both were brilliantly lighted.

She reached the boudoir, fitted for her with such taste and luxury. The lamps were lighted, and there, on the chair, where Mattie and she had so carefully placed it, lay the beautiful wedding costume.

There could be no mistaking it; the veil was thrown over the dress, and the wreath of orange blossoms lay on the veil. She looked at them for some minutes in silence, thinking of the Miriam who was burned on the night of her wedding day.

Then she opened the book and began to read. How useless it was—the letters swam before her eyes.

It was her wedding day to-morrow; after to-morrow all her cares and troubles would be over; after to-morrow all would be peace.

She lay down upon the little couch, with a long, low sigh. It was wonderful how tired and wearied she felt. She had suffered such a fever, such a torture of suspense, that the reaction of feeling that she was in perfect safety at last was too much for her.

There came a fever of unrest upon her, her heart beat with terrible rapidity, her hands were like fire, her eyes and lips seemed to burn as though they had been touched by flame; she had not known until now how much she had suffered.

Then she pictured Lord Vivianne coming on the twentieth and finding her married—married and gone far out of his reach! How would he rage!

It would serve him right. He might tell his story then. Who would believe him? They would all think it the bitter exaggeration of a disappointed man.

Then the room seemed to grow warm, the perfume of the flowers overpowering.

"I wish," she thought, "that I had not let Eugenie go; I feel nervous and lonely to-night."

She half debated within herself whether she should go back to Mattie or not. The sense of being thought cowardly deterred her.

There lay the moonlight, so calm, so still, so bright, streaming through the open window.

"I will go down into the grounds," she said to herself; "a walk there will refresh me, and I shall be able to rest."

She took out her watch and looked at it; it was nearly midnight.

"There will be a pale bride to-morrow," she said, "if I am not to sleep all night."

She unfastened the door that divided the room from the spiral staircase leading to the grounds. The staircase itself was almost hidden by dense green foliage and flowers; because it was so nearly hidden no one thought it dangerous; no stranger would have observed it.

She went down to the grounds; it was so cool, so bright, still, and beautiful; the dew was shining on the grass; the moon and stars were shining in the sky; there was a rich odor of rare flowers; the night-wind seemed to cool her heated brain; her lips grew pale and cool; the burning heat left her hands; it refreshed her.

"I will walk here for half an hour," she "then I shall be sleepy enough."

It struck her that she would go round to the library window, where Earle was with her father. She hoped they would not see her; but if they did, she should tell them she could not rest.

Then she remembered that the earl had cautioned her never to use the spiral staircase at night lest it should be dangerous. She walked round to the side of the house. Ah! there was the light from the library window; they were still there.

Then—her heart almost stood still—she saw the figure of a man advancing across the carriage drive toward the great hall door.

At midnight! Who could it be?

The moon shone full upon him; and as he drew nearer, she saw the face of her mortal enemy, her hated foe—Lord Vivianne!

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

LORD VIVIANNE!—there was no mistake. The moon shone full in his face; she knew the impatient walk; she knew every line of his figure, and for one moment her heart almost stopped beating.

What, in the name of the most high Heaven, did he want there?

She saw him going quickly up the broad flight of steps; the moon, shining on them, made them white as snow; the light from the library window shone softly on the ground.

He had stretched out his hand to ring the bell, when, with a sudden impulse, a sudden cry, she called out:

"Stop!"

Another half-minute and she had almost flown across the lawn and stood by his side.

"Stop!" she cried again, and laying her hand on his arm; then she looked at him. "You!" she said—"is it you?"

"Yes, Lady Studleigh; there is little cause for wonder—it is the man you were about so cleverly to deceive."

"In Heaven's name," she cried, impetuously, "what has brought you here? Do not ring the bell! What has brought you to my father's house? You were not to come until the twentieth.

In her fear and agitation she lost something of her usual dignity.

"That was nicely managed," he replied, with a sneer; "you were to be married on the tenth, and I was to come on the twentieth. It was dramatically arranged, Lady Studleigh; it is very sad it should have failed."

For one moment her face grew white as with the ghastly pallor of death, her eyes grew dim, her arms fell nervously by her side. So she stood for a few minutes; then she said, in a low, hoarse voice:

"Do not ring the bell; do not arouse them: I will talk to you now. Come this way."

Side by side they walked down the broad path together; in the bewilderment of her thoughts she had but one idea—it was to keep him away from the library window.

"Now," she said, breathlessly, "let us talk here."

The moon was bright, so pitifully bright, it traced their shadows along the white stone; it seemed to rejoice in the warm night.

"What have you to say?" he asked, curtly. "I can tell you why I am here. I have come for your answer ten days before the time, because I have heard that you are going to play me false; I am here to tell Lord Linleigh by what right I claim you as my wife; I am here to tell all whom it may concern what you have been to me."

Suddenly she remembered that the room Earle occupied looked over the terrace. What if, tempted by the beauty of the night, he should come to the window, and look out? what if the earl should hear voices or see shadows? Oh, what was she to do?

Her alarm was heightened by seeing a light at one of the windows opposite; whether it was one of the servants or not, she could not tell; but it alarmed her.

All at once she remembered that she had free access to the house; she had but to go back to her rooms by the spiral staircase. Again she laid her hand on Lord Vivianne's arm.

"I dare not remain here," she said. "Do you see that light? We shall be seen."

"What if we are?" he replied; "it will not matter if one or two find out to-night what all the world must know to-morrow."

"Hush!" she cried, in an agony of alarm. "How cruel, how merciless you are! Great Heaven, what shall I do?"

"You can do nothing now, my lady; your time has come; you should have kept faith with me."

"Will you come to my rooms?" she cried, in an agony of terror.

It seemed to her that his voice sounded so loudly and so clearly in the summer air, all the world must hear it.

"To your rooms? Yes, I will go there."

"Follow me," she said.

She led the way up the spiral staircase into the boudoir, wishing at every step he took he might fall dead.

She had forgotten the bridal veil and dress lying there.

The lamps were lighted in the boudoir. She carefully closed the door lest any sou d should reach other ears; then she came back to him.

He stood on the top of the staircase, half uncertain whether to enter or not.

She went to him. By the light of the lamps he saw how marvelously pale she had grown; and how terrible was the fear that shone in her eyes.

He looked carelessly round the room. He did not see at first what was the glittering heap of white raiment; nor had he noticed the orange wreath. But he saw, lying on the stand amid the flowers, a large, sharp knife.

It had been left there by some careless servant, who had been cutting the thick branches that wreathed the windows. His eyes lingered on it for one half minute; if he had known what was to happen, he would most surely have flung it far from him.

She looked up into his face with cold, determined eyes.

"Now," she said, "do your worst; say your worst. I defy you!"

"Women are the greatest simpletons in creation," he said; "they imagine it so easy to break faith with a man. You have to find out how difficult it is."

She made no reply.

"By right of what has passed between us," he continued, "I claim you for my wife. You told me you would consider the claim, and that you would give me your decision on a certain date."

No answer. All the defiance that pride could suggest was in her white face.

"You promised me, also, that you would not attempt in any way to evade that claim."

"I did, and I was quite wrong in making you that promise."

"That is quite beside the mark; it has nothing whatever to do with the matter. Having made the promise, you were bound to keep it. I relied implicitly on your good faith.

"I left you, intending to return and hear your decision. What do I find out? That you have simply been deceiving me, duping me—most cleverly as you thought, most foolishly as you will see.

"You imagined that on the twentieth I should come to see you, and find you married and gone. You have doubtless laughed to think how you should befool me."

"I do not deny it," she said, contemptuously.

A strange light flashed in his eyes.

"I would have you beware," he said. "I told you long ago that my overweening love for you was driving me mad. Be careful how you anger me."

"I have the same amount of contempt for your anger as for your love," she said.

"Take care! I have told you before, desperate men do desperate deeds. Take care! I have found out your pretty plot, and am here to spoil it."

"What have you discovered?" she asked.

"For the first thing, that while you have been so cleverly deceiving all London, you were engaged the whole time to Earle Moray, the lover you so kindly left for me."

"After that?" she asked.

His face grew dark in its fury as he replied:

"That you—love him!"

"I do!" she cried, with sudden passion; "my whole heart loves him, my whole soul calls him conqueror."

He raised his hands menacingly, his fury knew no bounds.

"You would strike me!" she said, sneeringly. "If you killed me, I should say the same over and over again; I love him and I hate you. What else have you discovered?"

"That you intend to marry him on the tenth. That is the extent of my knowledge; I know no more. But whether you are going to run away with him, or whether Lord Linleigh intends to countenance a ceremony that will be a lie, I can not tell. Running away is more in your line, certainly."

"Would you mind telling me," she asked, "how you know this?"

He laughed.

"I will tell you, with pleasure," he replied; "the more so as I think it reflects great credit on my powers of penetration. I was in London the day before yesterday, in New Bond street, and, while walking leisurely along, I met your poet and gentleman, Earle Moray."

"I wish that I could strike you dead for using his name," she said.

"I am sure you do, and I do not blame you. Under the circumstances, it is the most natural wish in the world. As I was saying, I met your cavalier; he was walking along, with a smile on his face—evidently wrapped in the most pleasant thoughts. He started when he saw me, and looked slightly confused."

"My poor Earle!" she murmured; "my poor Earle!"

"The very fact of his looking confused aroused my suspicion. Why should he be confused, just because he had met me? I spoke to him, and he seemed disinclined to talk to me. Another thing struck me—he seemed to wish to get rid of me.

"He is very transparent, poor fellow, I was quite determined that he should not lose me. Walking on, we passed Horton & Sons, the great jewelers, and, in some vague way, Lady Studleigh, I had a presentiment that I was at one end of a mystery."

"You are a clever fiend?" she said.

"Praise from such lips is praise, indeed! As we passed the Horton & Sons, from the very confused way in which he looked at it, I felt sure that he had been inclined to enter—in fact, that he intended to enter, but would not because I was there.

"I instantly resolved that I would baffle him; so we walked together up and down the street. Each time he passed the door I saw him look longingly at it. I began to think that I had missed my vocation; I ought to have been a detective. At last, to his utter relief, I am sure, I said adieu.

"I watched him. No sooner had I gone away than he hastened to the shop. I said to myself, what could he possibly want there? what could he want to buy that he would not let me see? Then I went into the shop after him.

"It was a large place, and I stood where I could both hear and see him without being seen or heard. Innocently enough—I laugh when I think of it—he asked for a case of wedding rings. He wanted the best, of solid gold. That was to hold you, my lady. It would require a strong ring to make you all his, would it not? He asked for the best—poor, deluded fool!"

Her white face and glittering eyes might have warned him; but they did not.

"He chose the ring, evidently having the size by heart. Then he asked to see some pearl lockets. He selected one and asked for a certain motto to be engraved on it.

"But he asked again when it could be done. They told him in two days. That did not suit him. He must have it in a

few hours; he was leaving town to-morrow. They asked if he would leave it, and they would try.

"He replied, 'No; that he wanted both ring and locket on the tenth.' And then he left the shop. I need not tell you how that startled me. Why should he want a wedding-ring on the tenth? Then—I can hardly tell you how it was—a certain suspicion entered my mind that the wedding-ring and locket were for you!"

"My poor Earle!" she said, with a long, low sigh.

"I secured the services of some one whom I knew to be clever, trustworthy, and keen. We watched your friend, and found that he was making preparations for a long absence, and that he was going abroad. Still, I must confess, I was not prepared to hear he had started yesterday, and had taken a first class ticket to Anderly.

"It did not require a genius, you know, to put all these strange coincidences together. I guessed at one moment that you were playing me false. I should have been here before, but that an imperative engagement kept me in town.

"I started at noon to day, and, owing to some mistake in the trains, did not reach Anderly until too late to take a fly, a cab, or horse, or anything else. I was compelled to walk here, and that accounts for my delay, for my late visit. Now I am here."

She looked steadily at him.

"Yes," she said, "you are here. What do you want?"

CHAPTER LXXIX.

"MY demands are few, Lady Studleigh. You are to be married to-morrow to Earle Morey, according to your arrangement: according to mine, nothing of the sort will happen, but you will give your poet his dismissal, and marry me instead."

"I shall do nothing of the kind, my lord," she replied.

"Yes, you will. You will find that alternative, bad as it is, better than the fate that awaits you if you refuse. I grant that it is a thousand pities matters have gone so far; it is your own fault; you will find yourself in a great dilemma; you should have been more straightforward.

"To-morrow, instead of being married, you must tell the earl, your father, who indulges you so absurdly in everything, that you have altered your mind; that there will be no wedding, after all. He can not possibly be surprised at any caprice of yours. It will cause no alteration in any one's plans, as no one has been told of the marriage."

"You have planned it all easily," she said, haughtily.

"Yes; when one sees such determined opposition to a settled plan, it is time to make arrangements. I must confess that, coming along, I planned it all, so as to give you the least trouble."

"You are, indeed, kind," she said, sarcastically.

"Ah, my lady, I do not mind your sneers; not the least in the world. You must send for the earl in the morning; tell him that the wedding must be deferred; that you have been thinking matters over, and you have come to the conclusion that your happiness is at stake.

"If you do not like to stay here after such a grand expose, then ask him to take you abroad, or anywhere else. I will join you in a few weeks. Then my wooing can begin, and I will marry you."

She laughed a mocking, bitter, satirical laugh, that drove him half mad.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," she said. "Now for your alternative."

"If you refuse, I shall go away now. To-morrow I shall return; and, before the man who is to be your husband, before your parents and friends, I will tell what you were to me, and what my claim on you is."

"Very well," she replied, calmly: "I accept the alternative; tell them. I can not answer for the earl and countess; what they will do, of course, is a mystery to me; but Earle will forgive me; I feel quite sure of it; he loves me so dearly; he will forgive me and make me his wife. You will have proved yourself a villain and a coward for nothing."

"Earle will never marry you," he said; "no man in his senses would, when he knows what I can tell him."

"I will risk it," she replied. "Do you know that it is even a relief to me that the worst has come? I do not know what I have dreaded, but I am quite sure of one thing—you will do your worst, and you have told me what it is.

"Let the sword fall; it has hung over my head long enough. Earle loves me. Earle is just a noble and generous as you are the reverse. Earle is forgiving; he will be hurt and angry, but when I tell him how vain I was, and how you tempted me, he will forgive me."

"I do not think so, Lady Studleigh."

"Because you do not know him; you judge him by yourself. Even if he refuses to pardon me at first, if he thinks me beyond forgiveness, I will be patient and humble, and wait. He will love me again in time, and my sorrow will purify me from my sin."

A tender, beautiful light came over her white face, a sweet smile played round her lips. She raised her eyes fearlessly to his.

"You see," she said, "how little you can do, after all. You might kill me, but you could not bend my pride; you could not incline my heart to one loving thought of you."

"So I perceive. Then you positively prefer open shame and disgrace, the scorn and mocking of the world?"

"Yes," she said: "I prefer it."

"You must hate me very much, Lady Studleigh."

Sudden passion flamed in her eyes.

"I do, indeed," she replied. "No woman ever hated man more."

"And yet I love you."

She turned from him with an air of haughtiest indignation. He followed her. Suddenly his eyes fell upon the white, glittering bridal costume.

"What is that?" he cried, and his whole face worked with fury, indignation, and anger.

Before she could interfere to stop him, he had taken the wreath and veil in his hands. He laughed as he held them in derision.

"Oh, fair, pure, and spotless bride!" he cried; "well may they robe you in bridal white, hide your face with a bridal veil, crown you with orange blossoms! They will do well."

She made a step forward and would have taken the veil from his hands, but he would not release it.

"See," he cried, "how I serve your bridal veil! I would do the same to your heart, and his, if I could."

His face was transformed with rage, his eyes flashed fire, sudden fury leaped from his heart to his lips, sudden murder sprung like a flame of fire that seemed to scorch him.

He tore the beautiful veil into shreds, he trampled it under foot, he stamped on it in the violence of his rage and anger.

"So I would serve you!" he cried; "so I would serve him, if I could!"

She drew back as his violence increased; not frightened—she was physically too brave for that: but wondering where it would lead him to, what he would do or say next.

"You are the falsest woman under heaven!" he cried. "You ought not to live; you are a mortal enemy of man!"

A weaker or more cowardly woman would have taken alarm and have cried out for help; but she did not know fear. If she had but given the least alarm, there were brave hearts near who would have shed their last drop of blood in her defense, who would have died over and over again for her; but she stood still with a calm, sorrowful smile on her face.

"So much for your veil!" he cried, with a mocking sneer. "Now for the wreath!"

He took the pretty, scented flowers from the box, where loving hands had so gently laid them, and crushed them into a shapeless, dead heap.

"That will never lie on your golden hair, my Lady Studleigh," he said.

She made no effort to save the pretty wreath, his furious violence dismayed her and made her mute.

She saw him stamp on the orange blossoms that should on the morrow have crowned her; she saw them lie crushed, torn, destroyed, at his feet, and she looked on in a kind of trance. To her it was like a wild, weird, dark dream.

Then he took the costly wedding dress, with its rich trimmings of white lace, and he laughed as he tore it asunder, flinging it under his feet; then pausing to look on his work of destruction with a smile.

"There will be no wedding to-morrow, fair lady," he said. "Ah, Dora, why have you driven me mad? why have you unmanned me? why have you made me ashamed of myself?"

There was a strange glitter in her eyes, and a strange expression on her face.

"I did not mean to be so violent; you have driven me to it. Not that I regret destroying your wedding-dress; I would do it over again a hundred times; I am sorry to have frightened you."

"You could not frighten me," she replied.

And if ever calm scorn was expressed by any human voice, it was by hers.

There came a lull in the storm. He stood looking partly at the ruin he had caused, partly at her. She seemed, strange to say, almost to have forgotten him. She stood where the light of the lamp fell on her disheveled hair and flushed face.

The fragrant calm of the summer night reigned unbroken outside, a calm broken by the musical rustle of the leaves. The moon shone bright as day; its beams fell on the sleeping flowers, and silvered the waving trees; they fell, too, on the beautiful face, with its look of restless scorn.

During that moment so strangely silent, she thought of Earle—Earle, whom she was to marry to-morrow—Earle, whom she would marry let the morrow bring what it might.

No matter if her wedding dress were torn into shreds—no matter if Lord Vivianne stood with drawn sword in his hand to bar her progress to the altar—no matter if the whole world cried out, with its clanging, brazen voice, that she was lost, she would marry him!

She turned to her enemy, with a flush on her face, a scornful light in her eyes.

"You are but a coward, after all," she said—"a paltry, miserable coward! You can do me no real harm, and you can not take me from Earle."

"You did not always think me a coward, my Lady Dora. There was a time when you delighted to sun yourself in my eyes; you have not always held aloof from me as you do now.

"I have held you in my arms; I have kissed your lips; I have won you as no one else will ever win you. I like to look at you and remember it; I like to dwell on my recollections of those old days. Ah! your face flushes. Let me kiss you now."

He hastened toward her, tramping in his hot haste on the torn shreds of the wedding dress.

"Do not touch me!" she cried, "do not come near me!"

"I have kissed you before, and I will kiss you again," he said.

"I will kill you if you dare to touch me!"

She snatched up the first thing that came to her hand, it was the long, sharp, shining knife that had been used to prune the overhanging branches.

"I will kill you," she repeated, with flaming eyes, "if you come near me!"

He laughed, but the angry blood surged into his brain. He went nearer; he seized the white hand that held the knife. The beautiful face, the white, bare neck, were close to him.

"I hate you," she hissed.

Only God, who sees all things, knows what followed. Her words may have angered him to murder heat; his passion of love and sense of wrong may have maddened him—only God knows.

There was a struggle for one half minute, followed by a low, gasping cry:

"Oh, Heaven! I am not fit to die!"

It may have been that in the struggle the point of the knife was turned accidentally against her; but the next moment she fell to the ground, with the blade buried deep in her white breast.

The crimson life-blood flowed—it stained his hands, still grasping her—it stained the torn wedding-dress, the bridal-veil—it soon formed a pool on the carpeted floor. He stood over her for a minute, stunned, horrified.

"Doris!" he said, in a low, hoarse voice.

"Oh, Heaven! I did not mean to kill her!"

She opened her eyes, and her white lips framed one word, half sigh, half moan—"Earle!"—and then the soul of the unhappy girl went out to meet its Judge.

He made no attempt to raise her; he stood like a man lost.

The crimson stain crept onward until it touched his feet.

"Oh, Heaven!" he cried again; "I did not mean to kill her."

Then his whole soul seemed to shrink and wither away with fear. He had killed her. It was the pallor of death blanching the lovely face, and—oh, horror!—the crimson stain had reached the golden hair!

She was dead. He had slain her in his mad frenzy. He looked at the cruel knife buried in the white flesh; he dared not touch it.

He looked at the face so rapidly growing cold in death; he dared not touch it. He would have given his life to have touched those cold, dead lips; but he dared not, because he had murdered her. He clenched his strong hands in an agony that knew no words.

"Oh, Heaven!" he cried again; "I have slain her!"

He gave one hurried glance around on a scene he was never to forget—the luxurious boudoir, its hangings, its lights and flowers; the bridal costume, all torn into shreds; the crimson stain spreading so slowly, so horribly; the beautiful face upraised to the light; the white breast, with its terrible wound; the quiet figure, the golden hair—and, with a moan of unutterable remorse, he turned away.

It just occurred to him that his only safety lay in flight. The door was opened that led to the spiral staircase. The next moment he was creeping along under the shadow of the wall, and Lady Doris Studleigh lay dead and alone!

CHAPTER LXXX.

"GOOD-NIGHT, Earle," said Lord Linleigh. "Now that is really the last time. You shall not draw me into another discussion. I will not say another word. Remember you are to be married to-morrow."

"I am not likely to forget it," said Earle, with a happy laugh.

"Let us have some rest," said Lord Linleigh. "I am positively afraid to look at my watch. I know it is late."

"It is not two o'clock," said Earle; "but I will be obedient; I will say no more."

Yet they talked all the time as they went slowly up the grand staircase.

"I hope Doris will cure you of liking to sit up late," said the earl, as he stood for one moment against the door of his room.

"Hark!" said Earle, suddenly bending his head in a listening attitude. "Hark!"

"What is it?" asked Lord Linleigh.

"I fancied I heard a cry," said Earle, and the two listened intently. All was silent.

"It must have been fancy," said the earl.

"It may have been, but it really sounded like a sudden, half-choked cry."

"Some of the servants are about still. It is nothing. For the last time, good-night, Earle."

Then they parted, each going to his room; but Earle could not forget that cry.

"How foolish I am," he thought; "but I shall not rest at all unless I know that Doris is all right."

He went down the broad corridor that led to her suite of rooms; he saw that the outer door was closed; he listened, all was hushed and silent, there was not a stir, not a movement, not a sound.

"Good-night, my love," said Earle; "fair dreams, sweet sleep. You will be mine to-morrow."

It was all right. He laughed at himself for the foolish fear, and went back to his own room. He never saw the white, despairing face and creeping figure of the wretched man who had done the atrocious deed.

He slept soundly for some few hours, then the kindly sun woke him, shining on his face—a warm, sweet greeting, and he thought Heaven was blessing his wedding-day. The birds were all singing in the trees, the flowers blooming, the whole world fair and smiling.

"My love will be mine to-day!" he thought. "Shine on, blessed sun! there is no day like this!"

It would have gladdened his mother's heart had she been there to have seen him bend his head so reverently, and pray Heaven to shower down all blessings on Doris.

They had arranged, in deference to her wishes, that no great difference should be made between this and other mornings.

She would not go down to meet them at the early breakfast; she would not see Earle until they reached the church; but Lord Linleigh and the countess, Mattie and Earle had agreed to breakfast together.

It was about the usual hour when Earle entered the breakfast-room. Lady Estelle was there alone. She looked up with a charming smile on her gentle face.

"Either we are very early, or the others are very late," she said. She went up to him.

"I am glad to see you for one moment alone on this happy day, Earle—to thank you for keeping my secret—and pray Heaven to bless you and my darling, that you may lead the happiest of all lives together."

Then she bent down and kissed him. Her fair hair drooped over him; it seemed to Earle as though a soft, fragrant cloud had suddenly inwrapped him. Then Mattie came in, and a message was brought from Lord Linleigh, praying them to wait five minutes for him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AUTUMN.

BY W. W. LORD.

I dance across the meadows,
Where purple asters nod;
And skip down the braken
Where blooms the golden rod.

I sing beside the river,
In soft and dreamy flow,
With shadows mixed with sunshine,
Wander to and fro.

Above the rugged mountains
I sail in misty blue;
And down the woodland reaches
Drop leaves of gorgeous hue.

I rest upon the treetops,
And rattle ripe nuts down;
I kiss the face of Nature,
And turn its green to brown.

Then in the shadow twilight,
I softly steal away;
And all my bloom of beauty,
Beneath the white snows lay.

Rene.

BY M. E. W.

THE Paris winter of 1840 was an unusually long and severe one, and even in the Quartier Latin (where the old overhanging houses were packed too tightly, one would have thought, to have done more than admit the necessary ventilation) the rough east wind was carving the fallen snow into fantastic shapes.

It was the sixth of December, and although it was still early in the morning, the Court of the Greensward was already astir with the cheerful hum of voices and the tramp of many feet.

It used to be an old tradition with Bohemian Paris that from the Eve of St. Nicholas to New Year's Day the weeks were to be spent in riot and holiday making, and there were few artists so poor or students so laborious but they were not busily engaged in packing away books and canvas, or counting over their often very limited capital.

Some of the men had actually received invitations from the outer world, which was a rare enough event in a court famed for the poverty of its occupants.

Others again had had a stroke of luck, and with lighter hearts and heavier pockets were debating the advisability of expending the hardly-earned louis before the rumor of their wealth should reach their creditors' ears. Altogether, with the general sense of holiday feeling that was pervading it, the scene might have served for the nucleus of a Christmas paper.

This notion in fact did occur to one young fellow who was leaning lazily in one of the open doorways, and for a brief moment he wondered if he should go back to his room and turn it into "copy."

But almost with this idea came the remembrance of a rapidly increasing pile of unsaleable MSS., and philosophically concluding that it was useless to add to their number, he plunged his hands yet farther into his empty pockets and stayed where he was.

And yet as he lounged there in the doorway, he hardly looked like one to be easily beaten in the struggle of life. The thin, earnest face with its square-cut jaw and determined mouth, was the face of a man of energy, and the blue Breton eyes that looked out so fearlessly from under the mass of dark tangled hair, were eyes that had faced both work and misery and never flinched from either.

"Hola, Rene!"

"Star-gazing in broad day-light!"

"Tell me, then, what is the latest news from the celestial spheres?"

"Star-gazing? Nonsense! Rene is dreaming of his lady-love, a dark-eyed soubrette, gentleman, and she answers to to the name of—— What is it, Rene? Rose? Glycere?"

A passing knot of students had surrounded him, laughing and joking, and Rene faced them good-humoredly.

"As you please, Jean-Marie. You know her better than I do."

There was a general laugh.

"Rene is right," cried a bright-looking lad. "He is a perfect anchorite, and cares more for his work than for all the dark eyes in the world! Come along, you others, you are wasting your time, and I am hungry. We are going to breakfast at the Cafe Valpere, Rene."

"That is right, Titon. Good appetite to you," responded the other, and the merry party went on. The boy, Titon, lingered for a moment.

"Jean-Marie is standing us the breakfast. His uncle sent him the money," he explained; and then added vindictively: "And he is a brute not to ask you; but he won't forgive you not praising his picture."

"I know, I know," was the hasty reply. "But I couldn't go, Titon; Pierre is worse."

"Worse? Pierre!"

There was a minute's pause while the boy looked curiously into Rene's white face. He cared nothing for Pierre Leroux, who was not popular in the court, but as Rene's room-mate he had a certain claim upon him which Titon could not ignore.

"Do you think he is hungry, Rene?"

Rene Massieu shifted his position for the first time, and the stern young lips twitched involuntarily.

This fretful, sickly, clever Pierre, for whom even his own popularity could not obtain more than a faint toleration from the rest, was infinitely dear to him, and Titon's words cut him to the quick.

"Yes, that's it. Now be off with you," he said roughly, and with a warm handclasp, Titon obeyed.

Left to himself, Rene Massieu went wearily up the old crazy staircase until he came near his own door, when the sound of a shrill woman's voice made him hasten his steps.

"Mere Picot is at him again about the rent; he ought to have locked the door as I wished," he thought regretfully as he entered the room.

On a rough settle in the corner lay a boy of about nineteen, whose drawn face was well-nigh purple with his attempts to control the fit of coughing that prevented his speaking.

In the middle of the room stood the irate Mere Picot, the landlady, with vehement remonstrance written in every line of her person, from the flat white cap to the huge wooden sabots which she stamped in noisy rage upon the floor. At Rene's entrance they both turned towards him, pouring out their grievances in chorus.

"Rene!" gasped the boy, his words broken by the racking cough, "is it to be endured that I am not to be left alone in my own room? There have I been as blank as my paper all the morning, and now I get an idea it is snatched from me and I am forced to listen to a torrent of abuse!"

"Abuse, is it?" screamed back Mere Picot. "There are four weeks owing for your half of the rent. Monsieur Rene pays his half, and feeds you both. Why can't you work for yourself, you good-for-nothing? Why can't you——"

Rene's unheeded remonstrances and her own torrent of words were alike stayed in dismay.

The cough had suddenly ceased, and Pierre lay back on the settle, white and stiff, with a thick crimson stream slowly oozing from between his lips.

"Great heavens! He has broken a blood-vessel," cried Rene, while the landlady, hardly less startled, ran to his assistance.

"Pierre! Look up, Pierre!"

"That is no use," broke in the more experienced Mere Picot, "don't lift his head. Leave him to me. Go and get some snow, or ice if you can find it in the streets, and ask Monsieur Martin to come up here."

Rene ran off to do her bidding, and speedily returned, bearing the ice, and followed by the old gentleman.

"Let me see him then," began the new comer abruptly, "Gently. Ah!" after a rapid examination. "A mere trifle. Not much mischief done."

With skilful hands he lifted and arranged the patient, and then sat down on the floor by his side.

"Go away, madame," he said authoritatively; "and you, monsieur, sit down and be quiet. He is to go to sleep now, but I shall stay here till he wakes.

The others nodded acquiescence, and Rene seated himself quietly. He was used to the old man's eccentricities, and was only too thankful to have Pierre in such good hands.

Monsieur Martin had at one time been a shining light in the medical world, but for some reason had been expelled from the hospitals.

His enemies said that an intermittent craving for drink had affected his brain, and so rendered him unreliable; he himself ascribed his downfall to professional jealousy.

However that may have been, he was a perfect God-send to the Quartier Latin, where he visited patients free of charge, and only asked in return that neither they nor he should speak unnecessary words.

When Pierre awoke, quieted and refreshed, he was subjected to a searching examination, and then at last the doctor spoke.

He told the two friends that Pierre was in no immediate danger.

Insufficient food and clothing and exposure to the inclement weather had slightly affected his lungs; but if he could be kept warm and well fed until the spring, the incipient delicacy would pass, and he would probably grow into a strong man.

Rene went to bed thoroughly dispirited. The only work that Pierre had done for the last three months was a little play that was at present under consideration at the Palais Royal: their united capital was almost wholly expended; he himself could procure no regular work.

The one bright spot on their horizon was the editor of the L'Appel au Peuple owed him three hundred francs for a series of articles he had contributed to the pages of that journal, and, moreover, this payment was due on the following day.

That Pierre must be kept indoors and sufficiently fed was a necessity that Rene never dreamt of debating.

Pierre was his junior by three years, and he cherished and clung to him with far more ardor and fidelity than the majority of his comrades to their much-vaunted sweethearts.

When Rene Massieu, recently orphaned, and with no near ties to bind him to his birthplace, had resolved to quit the little town in Brittany and go up to the French capital, young Pierre Leroux, the banker's son, had been fired with a wish to accompany him.

Old Monsieur Leroux had stormed, and Rene had striven to dissuade him, but the boy would have his way. He had it, and the result was that old Leroux disowned his son, and the two lads faced the Paris world penniless and alone.

That was three years ago, and how far it had been possible for the reckless talented Pierre and for the less clever but far more industrious Rene to succeed without any interest to back them, the elder lad's anxious wonderments have already sufficiently shown.

When Rene awoke in the morning there was a certain briskness about his movements and a cheery ring in his voice that showed that a new determination had been taken. He would go to Pierre's uncle, a certain Monsieur Andre Leroux, who was a banker in Paris, and intercede with him on his nephew's behalf.

It was hard for both the lads to own that their ambitious dreams had faded, and that with starvation staring them in the face, this charity-seeking had become a pressing necessity: but hunger is an irresistible argument, and at last Rene started on his self-imposed task.

He found the banker's private house—a fine mansion near the Champs Elysees—and by dint of infinite coaxing, persuaded the portress to admit him into her master's august presence.

As polished and as hard as the marble mantelpiece against which he was leaning, Monsieur Leroux listened courteously to Rene's explanation and then gently shook his head.

"Sad—very sad," he said softly. "I have not seen my nephew for years, and I shudder to think of him fallen to such depths."

"But you must help him, monsieur. Do you not understand? Pierre is ill. He may die without proper care."

The banker smiled indulgently at the impetuous interruption. "Pierre won't die," he said equably. "The Leroux cling to life in a manner that is positively amazing. But sit down, my dear Monsieur Massieu, and let me try to understand. What is it you want me to do?"

"Help Pierre."

The older man sighed. "Dear Monsieur Massieu," he began again, speaking in his smoothest and most polished voice, "are you not a little, just a little, unreasonable? I spend a tolerably long life in working laboriously to acquire wealth. I idolise luxury, and dread discomfort.

"To obtain the one and to rid myself of the other I have worked hard, as I told you, and I have succeeded in my desire. Recognising that a man's troubles usually reach him through his family, I have remained single.

"And now you ask me to assist, even to ask into my house, if I have understood you aright, a young vaurien, a ne'er-do-well, who has been disowned by his father, and who, on your own showing, has not sufficient brains to keep himself."

Rene gulped down his indignation, and strove to answer calmly.

"Pierre is very clever," he assured him. "And yet cannot sell his work? Pardon, monsieur! Talent wins its reward in a place like Paris, and, were Pierre clever, he would meet with success."

And the man who met with success twirled his diamond ring and smiled imperturbably at his visitor.

"If he were successful, you would help him, then?" asked Rene despairingly, as he thought of the cruel task of breaking his ill news at home.

"Assuredly!" Rene glanced up in mute surprise. "If I could receive good proof that he had brains and the making of a writer, I would push him as I would push any other young fellow I thought would be a credit to me.

"His father was, and is, furious because he thinks of a writer as a mere publisher's hack, who is at anyone's beck and call; but those are only his old-fashioned country notions.

"I, now, am a man of the day, and I march with the times. Pierre might have a grand career before him—more especially as a playwright, for the drama will be a greater influence than the novel— but then he must have brains."

"He has a play under consideration now at the Palais Royal?" cried Rene, brightening up. "We are to have the answer today."

"Why!" cried the old man gaily. "You seem to expect an acceptance?"

"Yes, we do," said Rene stoutly. "Monsieur Leroux, if he should succeed——"

Even the hard-headed banker was a little shaken by the look of piteous entreaty in the lad's face; and though his answer was hasty, it was emphatic.

"The night Pierre gets a play produced, not merely accepted, mind, I will help him. He shall live here, and I will push him on. But I will not help a fool; and if he applies to me again before this mythical play is produced, the bargain falls through."

"Thanks, monsieur! But will you not write the conditions for Pierre to see?"

"To give him a hold on me, you mean?" retorted the man of business. "I am writing: it will save me from being worried in the future."

The paper once signed and delivered, Rene took his leave and turned his steps to the Palais Royal.

The play was accepted.

In the first rush of delight Rene hardly listened to the hurried arrangements of the stage manager, who was busy superintending some rehearsal, but when he was once more in the street, he grasped their meaning.

Pierre's play, a modern comedy which required no special scenery, was to be put into immediate rehearsal, and produced on the eve of the new year.

In accordance with a custom that was then in vogue, the new dramatist would receive part payment for his work on the night of production; but it would clearly have been useless to have asked for it in advance.

The present director was a surly-minded man, and not likely to part with his money before the required time.

But it did not matter very much, thought Rene, as he turned his weary steps towards the office of L'Appel au Peuple, for his own earnings, with the utmost care, could be made to serve until the end of the month, and then—hey!—for the production of the new play that meant an assured future for Pierre Leroux, and a lifting from his own young shoulders of the double burden that had weighed them down so long.

The snow had begun falling, but Rene strode along unheeding. The blue Breton eyes that were the only good feature in a face that was too haggard and lined for beauty were sparkling brightly, and as he walked he whistled the catching air of the latest student song.

Only three more weeks, and then Pierre's future would be secured, and he—Rene—free to renew the battle—only three more weeks!"

"The chief of the police begs to inform those whom it may concern that the editor of L'Appel au Peuple has been arrested for promulgating revolutionary sentiments. The publication of the journal has been forbidden. Any writers, agents, or others, having pecuniary claims against the editor, are requested to send the usual notification to the chief of the police. All claims allowed will be settled the 1st of January, 1841."

This was the notice that was attached to the closed shutters of the publishing office, and amongst the little knot of men who were gathered on the pavement reading it stood Rene Massieu.

The office shut! Payment deferred until New Year's Day! He stared at the notice with dazed, unseeing eyes, conscious only of a blank feeling of loss, until one of the group of men shook him by

the shoulder, and so woke him rudely from his stupor.

"Will fainting mend it?" queried a rough voice. "I was porter, I was, but it seems we may both whistle for our money at present."

Rene drew his hand quickly over his eyes, and looked vacantly at his interlocutor.

"See now, monsieur," went on the sturdy little porter, "times are hard, and perhaps monsieur has not dined yet. My little wife makes an excellent soup, and our room is close at hand. Monsieur has often been good to me. Will he not dine with me to-day?"

It was a kind offer and kindly meant, but Rene started as if he had been stung. The proud blood rushed to his cheeks, and before he could even answer, the little porter was humbly apologizing. Rene cut him short.

"It is very good of you," he said hastily, "and I have no doubt that madame makes excellent soup. But I must go home, and I am not—I am not hungry, thank you."

It was a difficult home coming for the young fellow. Pierre was so full of his first important success and of the promise contingent upon it, that he could not realise that which was a waking nightmare to Rene; namely, how they two were to subsist for the intervening three weeks.

"You see, Rene," said the lad pompously, "when once the play is started and I am helped by my uncle, I shall be able to make both our fortunes. We will have our poems bound in one volume, Rene; blue covers, I think, with gilt edges; and I will send a copy home to Brittany, and my father will see it and be proud of me."

Rene let him ramble on, but in sight of the bare cupboard and empty purse he could not join him in his castle-building. When the younger lad was asleep that night, Rene was still awake, pacing the room in anxious thought, and weighing every possibility of procuring ready money.

Literary work he knew was out of the question. Several papers had been suppressed lately, on the plea that they were "promulgating revolutionary sentiments," and to-day's seizure of L'Appel would not tend to improve matters.

Even in his immediate neighborhood there were scores of journalists who could not obtain work, and who consequently with the best will in the world could be of no assistance to him.

Of borrowing money, indeed, there seemed to be no chance. The richer amongst his friends had already gone on their holidays, and those who remained were almost in as terrible straits as himself.

The night wore on, and when at last Rene Massieu flung herself down upon the boards that served him as a bed, he was so utterly wearied out that his jaded brain could contain but one thought. And this thought was that at all costs Pierre must keep well and strong to fit him for the brilliant career that was opening before him.

These pages are not meant as a record of the life of Rene Massieu. He was only one of the many, and the story of his terrible three weeks' struggle is but an episode in the great surging life of the Quartier Latin, where many a scapegrace found refuge, it is true, but where many a generous deed took birth.

The eccentric old doctor, who would gladly have helped the boys, had been seized with one of his restless fits and had gone off on the tramp; Mere Picot, who might have forgiven her favorite Rene owing rent, had slipped upon some snow and was in the hospital with a broken leg, while the sister who had temporarily taken her place was a grasping woman, who insisted on immediate payment.

And thus on every hand fate seemed to be against him. It was easy enough for Pierre Leroux, sitting over the tiny fire and dreaming of the great things he would do for himself and for Rene in the years to come, to bring up a dozen expedients by which his friend might be earning money for the few days that yet remained; but those same easily-planned suggestions were sorely hard to put into practice.

"I can't get laborer's work. They say I have a student's stoop and am not fit for it," Rene would say briefly when Pierre urged him to curry favor with the good-natured porter; but of the hardships of the long day's tramping in the wintry streets Pierre knew nothing.

He was accustomed to depend so utterly upon him that he never questioned how the food was procured, and only marvelled at Rene's whim for taking his own meals with young Titon. Titon might have told another tale, but he and Pierre never met, and Rene managed matters in his way.

The days went on. Christmas Day had passed, and the theatre walls were placarded with notices of the new play. With a remnant of his old boyish fun, Rene had slipped one of the flaring bills under Monsieur Leroux's door, and when at last the fateful day arrived, and he was helping to dress Pierre for his expedition to the theatre, he was able to tell him that his uncle had taken the stage box.

The young author looked brisk and well. The cough had almost left him, and his intense excitement was sufficient to flush his cheeks and brighten his eyes.

Monsieur Leroux would be proud of his nephew, predicted Rene; and then fearful of the piercing east wind he went out to hail a fiacre to take his friend to the theatre.

"You are coming with me, Rene?"

"No, I am not, boy. It is only six o'clock, and no one is wanted so early except the 'successful dramatist.' Come, then! Get in, mon ami," and he shook the carriage door impatiently. "I will be with you before eight, in time for the rising of the curtain."

Grumbling his dissatisfaction, Pierre Leroux seated himself in the fiacre, and then heedless of Rene's remonstrances, he lowered the window for a final word.

For the first time for many days he forgot both himself and the wonderful play that was to lay the foundation of his fortune, and he was struck by the pinched wan look upon his friend's face.

"Rene, are you ill?" he asked anxiously.

"No. Just a little tired. Drive on, cocher. All success to you, Pierre. You will see me in plenty of time to help you carry home your laurel crowns."

The gay words died away as the fiacre drove off briskly; but the smile was still hovering upon his lips as he turned back into the house and went slowly upstairs to the deserted room.

He well might smile, Rene told himself, forming the thought laboriously as the outcome of a painfully overwrought mind, for his efforts, like Pierre's, had been crowned with success. He had achieved his purpose, and all the rest mattered but little.

How steep and high the well known stairs had grown. He stumbled up them feeling as if the difficult ascent could never be the one he had often scaled so lightly, and when he reached his own room she flung himself down like a log.

It was too early for the theatre yet; he would sleep off this strange faintness that was creeping over him, and awake refreshed. Pierre must be nearing the theatre by now. Who would meet him? Mere Picot? Nonsense! He meant monsieur. Whom did he mean? Monsieur.

The last faint gleam of daylight faded sullenly away, and the sombre darkness spread slowly like a pall over the unconscious figure of the sleeping boy.

* * * * * *

When he awoke his limbs felt cramped and leaden, and his head and hands were burning. It was with some difficulty he remembered where he was, but when at last he did so, he scrambled to his feet with feverish energy and opened his room door. He listened. It was very strange.

In the house that was usually so noisy, all was still; and as Rene crept swiftly downstairs, clinging frantically to the handrail that seemed to elude his grasp, there was not a glimmer of light to be seen from under the numerous doors.

He found the hall door bolted and locked, and laughing softly at the precautions which had closed the house so early in the evening he undid the fastenings and let himself into the street.

It was a fearful night. The snow was falling heavily on the already thickly covered earth, and over it the east wind was running riot, beating the snowflakes into compact masses and hurling them against any luckless pedestrian.

The slight frame of Rene Massieu staggered at the first buffet of the wind, but the cold revived his failing senses and he pushed on cheerily.

The play must have begun, but Pierre would forgive him, and he would be in time to carry home the promised laurel crowns.

Suddenly it struck him how deserted the streets were. There were no lights visible in the windows, and there were neither people nor carriages to be seen. Even this great block of buildings round which he was plodding his way bore no sign of life within its walls. What buildings were they, by-the-bye?

A sudden trembling seized him as he realised that it was the theatre itself round which he had been wandering so aimlessly. Yet was all dark and shut up. Suddenly, the meaning of the darkened and deserted city burst upon him.

He must have slept far longer than he had intended, and it must be late; perhaps the middle of the night! Pierre must have gone to a supper given in honor of the new playwright and then returned home after Rene had started; or more likely still, he had grown angry at Rene's supposed defection, and had gone straight back to his uncle's house.

One! two! three! boomed the clock of a neighboring church-tower, and Rene, who had been leaning helplessly against the theatre wall, started violently.

"Three o'clock in the morning. New Year's Day!" he cried joyously. "New Year's Day!"

There was a little pause while the snow fell heavily upon his unprotected head, and then he began running, swaying weakly from side to side. The New Year's Day he had waited for so long!

The glad New Year when Pierre was to begin the life of luxury and assistance; and when he, Rene, would receive the deferred payment which was to enable him to face the world with new courage and a new strength.

As he ran, the floating snowflakes took the form of white rosebuds, and the thoughts of beauty and of love which the young poet had been forced to reject in favor of the more bread-winning journalism, came back to him now and filled him with a strange content.

One opening bud held the sweet face of a young girl whom he had known and loved in Brittany, in those far-away days before sadder times had put an end to his dream.

This scented rose held his father's calm grave face; and this, the contented look of Pierre Leroux as he had last seen him.

A cluster of buds held the friends of his boyhood, but in the pure spotless petals of a yet sweeter rose lay a face last looked upon when he was but a little child.

What eyes were those, he questioned, with the mother-love shining in their peaceful depths? The rose was within his grasp. He would pluck it.

There was a sudden staying of the rapid wavering foot steps; and two eager hands were clutching at the empty air.

And then there was a muffled cry, a sudden backward fall—and Rene Massieu lay motionless, with those same snowflakes that his wandering fancy had shaped into the pure loves of his young life, falling tenderly upon his breast.

And the night wore on. No one passed that way.

There were no doctors there to talk learnedly of the weakened state to which exposure and want had brought both body and mind, and so had prevented even the desire to rise and shake off the torpor that meant death.

There was not even a kindly watcher to tell at what hour the winging spirit took its flight.

But when with the first streak of the coming dawn the bells of Paris broke out into glorious chiming in greeting to the glad New Year, the pale quivering sunbeams fell full upon the dead boy, and lighted the pallid lips.

The sunshine was Rene's Welcome to the Mansions of the Blessed, and the joy-bells were his Requiem.

On the Outside.—The Coreans pay great attention to the cleanliness of their outer robes. No one who respects himself will ever appear in a dirty coat.

Consequently, the women's chief occupation consists in washing the raiment of their lords and masters, and far into the night can be heard the tapping of sticks with which the wet clothes are beaten.

This is a most destructive process, by the way, as the clothes are but roughly tacked together and are glued at the seams with rice paste.

They come to pieces every time they are washed, and have to be reglued when dry. This regard for cleanliness, unfortunately, does not extend to the underclothing or the body.

In summer basket-work frames are worn on the arms, back and chest, under the robes, in order to keep the latter clean and also for coolness.

There is no trouble congenial companionship cannot soften, no joy it cannot increase. The poorest dwelling, the most meagre fare, shared with people whose thoughts are one's own, who catch one's meaning at once, and enjoy the same things, is better than all the luxuries the world can give, shared by those who are delighted by what bores us, and when we are delighted are unutterably bored.

Scientific and Useful.

Labor.—The bull should be made to work and furnish tread power, instead of the horse. At such work he can be very useful, and will not only be benefited thereby, but be less vicious and more manageable. He should at least furnish power for churning and cutting the feed, which work is not very heavy.

Inventions.—Every new implement invented adds to the progress of the country. Even with the labor now in the country it would be difficult to grow all that we need but for the assistance of improved labor-saving appliances, and the farmer who does not avail himself of their use will farm at a loss.

Track Testing.—In use on the electric street railway at Biddeford, Me., is a peculiar track tester, based upon an adaptation of the telephone. A man sits in a car and talks continuously into a mouthpiece which is connected electrically with a receiver held by a man in the power house. A break in the conversation shows where the track connections are faulty.

Substitute for Gold.—A new and promising substitute for gold is thus described. It is produced by alloying ninety-four parts of copper with six of antimony, the copper being first melted and the antimony afterwards added. To this a quantity of magnesium carbonate is added in order to increase its specific gravity. The alloy is capable of being drawn out, wrought and soldered just as gold is, and is said to take and retain as fine a polish as gold. Its cost is a quarter a pound.

Lighting.—A new and simple system of street lamp-lighting is being introduced. Each lamp post is fitted with with two sal-ammoniac batteries, and a spark coil placed in an iron box at the foot of the lamp. A miniature gasholder of about two cubic inches capacity is pivoted in the lantern on a hinge and held down by weights. Directly over this is an automatic gas lighter of the ordinary pattern, connected with the cells aforementioned by wires. To light the lamps of a city, a valve connecting one of the large gasholders of the works with the mains is opened, and this causes a rise of pressure in the mains, in consequence of which the miniature holder fitted to each lantern rises about one-eighth of an inch against a platinum stop, and completes the battery circuit, the automatic lighter being thus put in action and the lamp lighted.

Farm and Garden.

Mutton.—It is claimed that mutton can be produced at less cost than beef, and gives a larger profit. While our farmers are discussing the question of the profit from wool Canada is selling 150 choice mutton sheep in the United States every week, simply because our farmers depend more upon wool than upon the sheep. Our markets seldom have choice carcasses of mutton, and there is room for farmers to make use of the mutton brands of sheep.

Winter Plants.—Take up the plants intended for the winter garden before the frost comes or is threatened; otherwise, the change of temperature will be too sudden and complete. It is best to raise new plants from cuttings for next winter's blooming, and let the old ones go. But it is often desirable to take up and pot an old plant. In such cases do not wait until there is danger of frost, and then hurriedly dig up the plant, and crowd its roots into a pot. Suppose the plant to be taken up is a geranium; begin at least a month before the time of removal to prepare it for the change. It will have made an enormous top, which must be cut back, and the plant brought into a neat and compact shape. The change from the open ground to the pot should take place before cool nights have checked the growth. Amateur gardners, as a general thing, are afraid to use the knife. If in taking up all the plants that are to be kept in the window during the winter, they would cut the tops back, to correspond to the disturbance of the roots, they would have much better success. Give the transferred plants water and shade for a few days, and they will soon recover from the change.

Don't be "pennywise and pound foolish" through taking for your cough, medicine that you know nothing about, when one of long-established reputation and proven quality like Dr. Jayne's Expectorant can be had. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sanative.

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On Hospitality.

If one were concerned to find evidences of the inherent nobility of human nature, including for our purpose within the range of our survey men of all stages of civilization now and in the past, one of the most convincing of the fragments of proof that would accumulate would be the high place that hospitality has been given in the estimation of all kinds of men everywhere and always. Where mankind is most unsophisticated, there will hospitality be found to take its most sacred character.

Though it is true that there are savage tribes who consider it natural, as well as good business, to kill anybody who is found intruding within their adopted share of the world's surface, and though there are more civilized people who very assiduously take toll of whomsoever wishes to pass through their region, in a vast majority of cases, where there is no blood feud and where there is no fear of evil consequences, the stranger who trusts himself to the good feeling of the people in the midst of whom he is traveling will be welcomed and very courteously entertained. Why is it?

It has been asserted that human nature expends itself in goodwill at the two extremes of acquaintance—first, upon those who are bound to us by strong personal ties, and, second, upon those who have no personal relation to us whatever, who are wholly strangers, and that, in fact, the isolation of the stranger makes us peculiarly susceptible to the sorrowfulness and romance of his situation.

However that may be, there is undoubtedly a very noble proclivity to hospitality in all except the more brutal, dull, or selfish races. Men whose principal resource is robbery will very gently entertain the stranger who ventures inside their tent-pegs.

All of which we say is good evidence that untutored but unspoiled human nature has inherent noble qualities, instinctive romance, a delight in companionable unselfishness. Still a scrutiny of hospitality, contrasting ancient and modern times, uncivilised and highly-developed man, is not altogether encouraging.

Do we not see a strange decay of hospitality, a degeneration of the instinct, until it is displaying itself in disappointing forms on which imagination refuses to dwell with pleasure? Is modern hospitality the same good thing that appeared an almost sacred rite to generations that have perished?

What is our conception of a hospitable man? He has been defined, and not by a cynic, as a man who has free notions of friendship, pleasant social qualities, and who keeps a generous table and a good cook—in fact, one who often makes a feast and calls in his friends and neighbors.

The hospitable man temporarily widens the bounds of his home, but always keeps in mind the reservation that between himself and his guests there must be some kind of personal tie—either their lives cross his own in business or leisure, so that it is pleasant to accentuate and give a more permanent form to what would otherwise be fleeting intercourse, or they are congenial spirits in the light of whose countenance the face of the host does naturally shine, or they are people of some distinction whose presence brings an atmosphere of honor, or who have conferred favors on the world by their skill or wit, some portion of which favor has spread to this household or company. So, in one way or other, some tie of interest or of association links together all the people who meet where the best kind of hospitality is exercised to-day.

We exclude that spurious hospitality which ministers only to the pride of the host, to his love of ostentation, giving him an opportunity to display his wealth. As Emerson has said, hospitality must be for service, and not for show, or it pulls down the host. But where hospitality is for service, how rarely does it include the stranger! Suffice it for the stranger that we do not know him. Were he to come in as of old, his presence would be an intrusion, a cause for suspicion. He who should open his doors to the passer-by and give the world a welcome would be set down as an ostentatious fool.

Hospitality, in short, has narrowed its range as the home has become more and more a place of seclusion, and as every man is expected to have his own home, to form his own circle, and to be only a citizen of the world in philosophy but not in fact.

We are well aware that the change was inevitable. The reason for the difference is plain. Formerly the poor, the stranger, the wayfarer were every man's care in a casual way; now they are provided for by collective action, and the individual conscience is eased of its care for them.

The community has recognized in a bare and unromantic way its duty to its irregular members. There is a place for the homeless, and so they have passed out of our thoughts and, save for an occasional pang of recollection when we meet them and feel how little they belong to us or we to them, beyond our pity.

Every one—so the law declares—has a place, such as it is, where he may lay his head. It is none of our business as individuals. We have organized the vagrant and thrust him from our sight. If he has money, the houses of entertainment are many; if he be penniless, the world values him by his penury, and gives him the bare accommodation that befits his apparent worthlessness. Perhaps it is well that it should be so on the average. But is it quite as humane, and does it give room for the play of romance that the older system or no-system gave?

The whole tendency of the times is towards a further and stricter development of family seclusion, as home becomes more sacred and independence and settlement are more valued. One reason why the older and less exacting hospitality and entertainment of strangers have gone out of fashion, never to revive, is that the chance visitor can now give no return for such good feeling as would once have welcomed him. He is not needed as a news-bearer.

But, leaving comparisons of present with past hospitality and confining ourselves to the customs of our times, a delicate question of debate might be found in the inquiry, Are the Americans a hospitable nation in comparison with their neighbors? Those who say we come shabbily out of the comparison would find their strong argument in the contrast between our business hospitality and the business hospitality of the foreigner. You arrive at a foreign hotel, and the proprietor meets you with courtesy, as though you were his guest in very truth, and invites you to consider his house yours.

The American, who likes to be left to his own devices, detects insincerity in every protestation of friendly interest, because he knows he will have to pay for his entertainment to the last sou. But so he would at an American hotel, where in many instances he would be received with an air of being taken in as a favor, or, at any rate, with indifference. No doubt this method meets a demand. The American does not want to be bothered; he can attend to himself.

The truth is that we are an uneasy people away from home. We do not know how to be effusive; we are generally vulgar if we try to be lavish; but, at home and at easy, the good-natured American makes a fine picture of hearty enjoyment and unforced freedom, and so his hospitality has been lauded by the most critical who know him at close quarters, and we need not be afraid to challenge comparison with the people who have cultivated the art of welcoming the visitor, without making him feel more more contentedly welcome than he is with us as soon as he understands our cool habit of trust without protestation.

THE one quality that is more useful than another in the world, if one wishes to achieve anything whatever, is tact. Brute force may succeed, but then again it may fail, and in either case it leaves an unpleasant memory behind it; but, if tact fails, all is still serene, and one may try again with equanimity. The very name of tact tells its story, for, although in its first definition it simply means touch, it develops the further implication of sensitive touch, then of adroit discrimination, then of delicate discernment. Discernment of what? Of the right and fit, of that which gives the desired result in the best way.

SELF SACRIFICE is wrong where we sacrifice ourselves "to" the whims or fancies or passing pleasure of those around us. Self-sacrifice is right where we find it necessary, for the best good of ourselves and others, to sacrifice ourselves "for" their and our highest good. The wrong self-sacrifice is often easier at the passing moment than the right, but in the long run it is sure to become a yoke of dreadful bondage.

THERE is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household in which Christian love for ever smiles, and where religion walks, a counsellor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin-stars are centred in the soul. No storms can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly anchor.

LIFE is made up of choices which we can by no means evade. Let us face them frankly and fearlessly, and abide by our decision. But, when we have done so, let us not be so unreasonable as to hope for the results which belong to the other path in which we have refused to walk.

FAITH and hope in the future, to be sound and permanent, must grow out of the knowledge of the past and respect for it; and he who gracefully acknowledges his obligations to the old is all the better fitted to espouse the cause of the new.

THERE is no law with regard to eating and drinking and manner of living which can be laid down as applicable to all individuals. Each person must find out the law which applies to himself and obey it.

AN old courtier being asked how he had managed to prosper at Court so long, replied, "My secret has been to receive affronts, and return thanks for them."

THE grand essentials to happiness in this life are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

L. C. Y.—When a gentleman asks a lady to dance, she should accept the invitation with a few words, such as "With pleasure!" or "Certainly!" provided, of couse, that no previous engagement has been made, in which case he should be politely informed of the fact.

L. D.—The execution of Michael Barrett, concerned in the plot to blow up Clerkenwell Prison, at Newgate, London, on May 26, 1868, was the last public execution in England. On September 8, 1868, the first private execution took place inside of Newgate, being that of a man named Mackay for murder.

T. G.—We do not think constant practice to make one strong as a Hercules desireabel Those who perform great feats of strength are by no means the surest of health and longevity. Moderate exercise daily, in labor, walking, and special exercise is desirable to keep the system in fine tone, but let it be moderate; any straining of the physical powers is as much to be deprecated as overtasking the mental and nervous powers. Nature has not provided for such overdrafts on her store.

N. L. C.—Estimates of the total number of gipsies in Europe are variously given from 500,000 to 700,000. The severe laws against them have in most countries fallen into desuetude they no longer being able to impose upon the credulity of the people, as in other days. There are many roving tribes in India and Persia which resemble the gipsies. Organized bands of gipsies first appeared in the Danubian provinces in 1417. They numbered about 14,000 in Italy as early as 1422. They appeared in Spain in 1447, in England about 1500, and in Sweden in 1514.

L. F. F.—Buccaneers or freebooters were quite numerous in the seventeenth century. Their stronghold was formed about 1630 at the island of Tortugas, where after driving out the Spaniards they erected fortifications. They lay in wait for vessels passing from America to Europe, the Spanish galleons in particular attracting their attention, as they were sometimes very richly laden. The French buccaneers established themselves in Santo Domingo, and the English in Jamaica. Among those who made themselves conspicuous were Montbar, Francois L'Olonnais, Miguel de Vasco, Henry Morgan, Van Horn, Grammont, and Pointis.

H. M. C.—A fine liquid blacking is made as follows: Ivory black and treacle of each one pound; sweet oil and oil of vitriol, each a quarter pound. Mix the three first-named until the oil is perfectly killed, then add the vitriol diluted with half its weight of water. Mix again well, and let stand for three hours, when it may be reduced to a proper consistency with water. An excellent paste blacking is thus made: Treacle, one pound; ivory black, one and a quarter pounds; sweet oil, two ounces. Mix well, as directed for the liquid blacking, and add a little strong vinegar.

H. B. R.—Light from battery electricity was first discovered by Sir Humphrey Davy, at the Royal Institution, London, in 1810. Faraday, in 1831, by his great discovery of induced currents, rendered practicable the application of electricity to the production of a good artificial light. It was not, however, until 1853 that the magnetic electric machine was actually applied to the purpose, and, in 1857, the first great practical trial took place, when Faraday had the satisfaction of seeing his conception carried into effect. The electric light was introduced into a lighthouse at South Foreland, a headland on the south-east coast of England, December 8, 1858, and later it was adopted at Dungeness Lighthouse, on the English Channel.

JOHN B.—You are too young to pass judgment on the discipline imposed on you by your parents. They are studying what is best for your welfare; you are only consulting your own inclination, and that has led you into a rebellious state of mind, out of which we advise you to escape as speedily as possible. A son's duty is implicit obedience to the parental authority, even if he should deem it harsh. As to allowing young people pocket-money, we have only one opinion on the subject, and that is, that we think it extremely injudicious to withhold it in moderate quantity. Make a boy once feel proud of being trusted by his parents, and he will not abuse the confidence reposed in him.

ROSANNA.—The young man has seemingly no real affection for you, although he is probably flattered by your evident admiration for him. The fact that he does not come to see you, or take notice of you in company, while he endeavors when you are alone to make you think that you are of importance to him, shows this. His conduct, in acting thus, is not at all open or gentlemanly, although too many young men would do exactly the same under similar circumstances. Your proper course is to fill your life with other things. Make those who live in the house with you happier and less hard-working than they are now; go among your friends; cultivate the acquaintance of other girls, especially of those who are not very "jolly" or "naturally full of fun," and try to make their lives "jollier" and brighter; read good books; take up some study or pursuit for which you have a natural taste, such as modern languages, music or drawing. In this way you will learn to get along without the fascinating young man; and if he persists in neglecting you in public, you will be able to punish him by snubbing him, as he deserves, in private.

COQUETTE.

BY H. D. B.

No more for me to thy sweet eyes
The eager glance of welcome flies!
  New love hath won thee—thrice told tale
  My visions fade, my bright hopes pale,
And from my life the laughter dies!

What though serene in silver skies
The moon—true lovers' lamp—may rise?
  Thou keepest tryst in quiet vale
  No more for me!

Say not that yet some worthier prize
Time's hand may bring—my soul denies!
  Love's keenest darts may shower like hail,
  Mine is impenetrable mail!
One fruitless quest hath made me wise—
  No more for me!

A Sin of Justice.

BY A. J. B.

IN the year 1689 there occurred in the city of Paris a crime of violence rendered remarkable by a miscarriage of justice, and involving the condemnation and execution of an entirely innocent man. In a certain house in Mason Street, near the Sorbonne, lived a person known as Lady Mazel.

Several domestics, male and female, were in this lady's employment, and a valet named Le Brun occupied a small room partitioned off from the servants' hall.

The other rooms on the ground floor were public apartments. The lady's own chamber was upon the first floor, and was the innermost of three rooms, opening one from another.

The outermost of these rooms was never locked, but the servants invariably secured the door of the second after their mistress had retired for the night.

The key of Lady Mazel's own chamber was usually taken out of the door, and left upon a chair that stood near it by the servant who was last in the lady's room.

This servant in going out always pulled the door heavily to after her, when it shut with a spring, and could not be opened from the outside.

In the lady's chamber were two other doors, one communicating with the back stairs, and the other with a closet, which, in its turn, opened upon the back stairs also. Above the closet in question was a room occupied by the Abbe Poulard, while the other rooms upon that floor were empty.

On the third floor were two rooms, one occupied by two chambermaids, sisters, and the other by two footmen. Over these rooms again were empty lofts or granaries, the doors of which always stood open.

The cook slept in the basement, where the stock of fire-wood was kept; an old woman slept in the kitchen, and the coachman in a room over the stables.

In Lady Mazel's own chamber were two bell-pulls, one on each side of the bed, and the bells to which they were attached rang in the chambermaids' room on the third floor.

To this description of the house it is necessary to add some account of the inmates.

Lady Mazel herself was a widow, between forty and fifty years of age. She was the mother of a grown up family, but continued to lead a gay, dissipated life. She was much addicted to high play, and several card-parties took place in her house every week.

On these occasions the outer door stood constantly open, and numbers of attendants continually coming and going kept the hall and offices in a constant state of noise and confusion.

The Abbe Poulard had quitted the order of Jacobin Monks, after being a member of it for nearly twenty years, his ostensible reason being that he was desirous of joining another order, which however he never did.

He had lived on terms of great intimacy with Lady Mazel for more than twelve years, and had a master-key to every door in the house. He also assumed full authority over the servants, and seemed in every respect to have as much power in the establishment as Lady Mazel herself. He had a sleeping apartment in another house in the same street, but took all his meals at Lady Mazel's, and occasionally slept there.

When he did so he occupied a room immediately over a closet which opened out of Lady Mazel's bed-room. This room communicated with the lady's sleeping apartment by a private staircase, the door of which was close to her bed, so that she could open and shut it as she lay.

No one slept on the same floor as Lady Mazel, nor in the room immediately under her bed-chamber.

Le Brun, who had the chief management of the household, had been in the lady's employment for twenty-nine years. His family lived in lodgings in a neighboring street, and Le Brun occasionally spent the night there.

The two footmen were lads of seventeen and eighteen years of age, while the chambermaids, cook, coachman, and old woman were all ordinary servants with nothing in their previous history calling for special remark.

On 27th November, 1689, which was the first Sunday in Advent, the two daughters of Le Brun paid their respects to Lady Mazel after dinner, and were very kindly received.

As she was then about to go to vespers (afternoon service), the lady pressed them to come again at a time when she would be able to see more of them.

After their departure Lady Mazel, attended by Le Brun, went to vespers at a church attached to the convent of Premonasterian Monks in Hanteville Street.

Le Brun saw his mistress home again, and afterwards attended vespers in the Jacobin's Church in St. James' Street.

On the conclusion of the service he played a game of bowls, and from the bowling green went in company with a person named Lague, a locksmith, to a cook's shop kept by a man named Gautier, where they purchased something for supper.

Le Brun then called at his wife's lodgings, and afterwards, about eight o'clock in the evening, escorted Lady Mazel home from the house of a friend named Duvan in Batloir Street. After doing so he returned to Lague's house to supper, and while there was quite at his ease and very cheerful.

Lady Mazel supped, according to her usual custom, with the Abbe Poulard, and about eleven o'clock retired to her sleeping apartment, to which she was attended by her two chambermaids.

Before they left her, Le Brun, who had not returned when the lady retired, came up the back staircase and knocked at the door. Lady Mazel inquired who was there, and of the maids replied that it was Le Brun.

Le Brun then went downstairs, and came round again by the principal staircase.

When Lady Mazel heard him she said, "This is a fine hour indeed!" and gave him orders to make certain preparations for the next day, which was one of her reception days.

One of the chambermaids having, as usual, placed the key of the chamber upon a chair near the door, they went out, and Le Brun, following them, closed the door heavily after him, so that it shut upon the spring lock.

The maids chatted with Le Brun on the stairs for a short time about the kind reception the lady had given his daughters, and in a few minutes they parted, the maids afterwards testifying that Le Brun was then perfectly composed and at his ease.

Next morning Le Brun went to market, where he met a friend of his, a book-seller, who conversed with him for some time, and who afterwards declared that Le Brun was then perfectly calm and unembarrassed in manner;

Le Brun then conversed cheerfully with the butcher with whom Lady Mazel dealt, and bought some meat, which he requested the man to send home without delay, as the cook would want it directly, and he, Le Brun, had business elsewhere. The butcher subsequently stated that Le Brun was perfectly collected and cheerful in making his purchase.

On leaving the market Le Brun met with some other friends, who went home with him. There, on Le Brun taking off his cloak, one of his visitors, in sport, caught it up and put it on.

Le Brun thereupon took up a leg of mutton that lay near, and striking his friend upon the back with it, "A man may surely beat his own cloak as much as he will."

Soon afterwards his visitors left, and Le Brun went into the kitchen as usual and busied himself with his customary duties. By and bye he gave out wood, for use in Lady Mazel's apartments, to the footmen, who, as well as Le Brun himself, began to express surprise that Lady Mazel's bell did not ring, although it was nearly an hour later than her usual time.

Le Brun then went to his wife's lodgings, and told her that he was very uneasy because his mistress had not rung as usual, and at the same time handed his wife seven louis-d'ors, desiring her to look them up.

He then went to an hotel opposite Lady Mazel's house, and seeing one of the footmen at a window, called out to him to inquire if his mistress were stirring yet.

The young man answered that she was not, whereupon Le Brun went into the house, where he found all the servants in the greatest consternation at having heard nothing of her, especially as the footmen had made a good deal of noise in carrying up the wood.

At length Le Brun and the other servants knocked at the door of Lady Mazel's chamber, and as all remained silent their alarm increased, and one of them said he feared that their mistress must have been seized with apoplexy.

To this Le Brun replied that he feared it was something worse, and added, "My mind misgives me, for I found the street door open last night after all the family were gone to bed."

Lady Mazel's son, who held a Court appointment, was then hurriedly sent for. As soon as he came he sent for a locksmith to force the lock of the door, and said to Le Brun, "What can have happened? It must certainly be apoplexy!"

Upon this one of those present proposed that a surgeon should be sent for, but Le Brun cried out, "It is no apoplexy, it is certainly something worse. Some mischief has been done!"

When the locksmith arrived he opened the spring lock of the door very easily, and Le Brun, entering first, ran up to the bed, calling aloud his mistress' name, and drew back the bed-curtain.

Then he staggered back, exclaiming: "Oh, my lady is murdered!" and ran into the closet which opened off the bed-room, took down the bar of the window, and opened the shutters. Then, taking up the lady's strong-box and weighing it in his hands, he said, "She has not been robbed, how is this?"

Lady Mazel's son then instantly sent for M. Dessita, the Lieutenant Criminal, as the Public Prosecutor in France was then named. This official hastened to the spot without a moment's delay, and at once proceeded to "take the information," and a surgeon was also sent for to examine the body.

The surgeon's examination disclosed the fact that the deceased lady had been stabbed with a knife or other sharp instrument upwards of fifty times in the face, hands, and body. One wound in the neck had pierced the jugular vein, causing death from the loss of blood, but none of the other wounds were mortal.

On the bed being examined there was found a scarf of coarse lace, soaked with blood, and a napkin made up like a cap, also showing blood stains. This napkin, as well as all the other linen, was marked with the letter "S," Lady Mazel's family name being "Savoniere."

It appeared probable that the poor lady, in attempting to defend herself, had snatched off the murderer's cap and torn his cravat.

Three or four human hairs were found in one of the deceased's hands, and it seemed likely that she had clung to her murderer until he cut at her hands with his weapon.

The bell-pulls were found to be securely knotted to the posts of the bed, so as to hinder the victim from using them for the purpose of raising an alarm.

Among the ashes on the hearth was found a long-bladed clasp-knife, the tortoise-shell handle of which had been almost entirely consumed by fire. No traces of blood were visible upon the blade of the knife.

The key of the chamber was missing from the chair near the door, where the maids had placed it on the previous night. No marks of violence were visible either upon the door of the chamber itself or upon that of the ante chamber. The door of the small closet, which opened upon the back stair, was found to be bolted upon the inside.

In Lady Mazel's wardrobe was found a small locked receptacle, the key of which was found hanging at the head of the deceased's bed. This receptacle, upon being opened, was found to contain a purse, in which were 278 livres in gold, and also the key of the lady's strong-box.

No use could be made of this key, as the secret of the lock of the strong-box was known only to the deceased lady herself. A smith were therefore sent for, who with some difficulty broke open the box.

There were found in it four bags, each containing about 1,000 livres silver, besides several other parcels and bags containing smaller sums. One of the latter also contained a piece of card-board, on which appeared in the deceased's handwriting, the words "Monsieur L'Abbe Poulard's."

There was also found a large purse of gold and green needle work, but this was empty; also a writing-box of red leather, upon the top of which lay a half louis-d'or.

In this box were found all Lady Mazel's jewels, supposed to be worth about 15,000 livres. In the pocket of the deceased's dressing-gown were also found fifteen pistoles in gold.

From all these circumstances there appeared to have been no systematic robbery committed.

When the Lieutenant-Criminal had completed his examination of the premises, and interrogated the chambermaids upon the spot, he proceeded to examine Le Brun.

This man, in giving an account of all he had done during the previous evening, said that after conversing for a little with the maids on the staircase, he went down into the kitchen, while the female servants went upstairs.

Then in the kitchen he took the key of the other door in his hand, intending to lock it, but that, before doing so, he sat down before the fire to warm himself previous to going to bed, and fell fast asleep, wakening about an hour afterwards. That he then went downstairs and locked the outer door, which he found open, and carried the key with him to his own room.

Le Brun's person was searched by order of the Lieutenant Criminal, and the only things found upon him were the key of the office houses, and a pass-key which fitted the lock upon the door of Lady Mazel's sleeping apartment.

Upon this the Lieutenant-Criminal ordered Le Brun to be taken into custody, and the bloody night-cap was tried upon the prisoner's head, which it was found to fit exactly. Thereupon he was committed to prison, and his wife was also apprehended.

Lady Mazel's sleeping apartment was sealed up, and officers of the law were left in charge of the whole premises.

On the following day the Lieutenant-Criminal examined the two footmen, and also precognized the coachman and cook as witnesses. He would seem, however, not to have questioned the old woman who slept in the kitchen.

On this same day there was also found at the foot of the back stair, a long, new cord, knotted at equal distances so as to form a ladder, and to one end of which was fastened a three-branched hook or hold-fast.

Upon the following day the Lieutenant-Criminal examined Le Brun in prison, but although the strictest search was made, no trace of blood was found upon any of the prisoner's garments, nor was there any wound nor so much as a scratch upon his person.

There was, however, found in one of the empty rooms or lofts at the top of Lady Mazel's house, and concealed under some trusses of straw, a shirt, the breast and sleeves of which were stained with blood, and which also bore the marks of bloody fingers. Along with the shirt was found the collar of a cravat, also stained with blood.

In another loft was found a quantity of charcoal.

Upon Le Brun's own apartment being searched there were found a basket filled with pieces of old iron, among which were an iron hook and a file, a napkin belonging to the deceased, and marked with the letter "S," an old night-cap and some cords.

His wife's lodgings were also searched, but nothing of a suspicious nature was found there. Some of the prisoner's linen was, however, taken possession of to be used for comparison with the shirt and cravat-collar found in the loft.

The master key found upon Le Brun was examined by a smith; the knife found in the ashes of the grate in Lady Mazel's room, by a cutler; the hair found in her hand, by a barber; the prisoner's linen, by a linen weaver; and the knotted rope, by a rope-maker.

The smith reported that the key was different from all the other keys in the house, that one small piece had recently been soldered on, and that the whole key seemed to have been recently filed, or, at least, rubbed with some rough substance.

It was farther found that the key in question would open not only the outer door, but also that of the ante chamber, and both the doors of Lady Mazel's sleeping apartment, even when these were double-locked.

The cutler could discover no resemblance between the knife found in the hearth and another found upon Le Brun,

expect that they both bore the same maker's name.

The barber said that the hair found in the dead woman's hand was so small in quantity that he could form no judgment upon it.

The linen-weaver, however, reported that there was not the slightest resemblance either in texture or quality between the shirt and collar found in the loft and Le Brun's linen—that the shirt was much shorter, and the collar smaller in size.

The maids declared that they had never known Le Brun wear a cravat like the one found, but that they had often washed one like it for a man named Berry, who had been in Lady Mazel's service, but who had been dismissed about four months before the murder for stealing from his mistress.

Lastly, the rope-maker reported that there was no resemblance whatever between the rope found at the foot of the back stair and one found in a basket in Le Brun's room.

As it appeared probable that the murder had been committed by one or other of the domestics, so it appeared likely that Le Brun rather than any of the others was the murderer.

It did not indeed appear certain that the man had himself committed the murder. It rather seemed likely that he had made himself "art and part" in the crime by admitting the guilty person into the house.

On Le Brun's hands being examined very shortly after his apprehension not the slightest trace of blood, and no scratch or wound of any kind, was found upon them, although it was plain that they had not been recently washed.

Farther, the prisoner was not known to have possessed such a knife as that found among the ashes in the grate in the deceased woman's room, although at that time it was the almost universal custom among men of Le Brun's class to carry about the person the knife used at meals.

The cravat also, of which a piece was found in the murdered woman's bed, was made of coarse lace, while all Le Brun's cravats were made of muslin.

The bloody shirt was found to be much too small for the prisoner, and two of the maids stated positively that it was not his, but added that the articles shown to them were very like a shirt and cravat which they had often washed for the man that had been turned away.

Notwithstanding all this, Le Brun was found guilty, and on the 18th of January, 1690, the following sentence was pronounced upon him:—

"That having been attainted and convicted of the murder of Lady Mazel, he should make the 'amende honorable,' and that after being broken alive, he should be left to expire upon the wheel, but that he should first be put to the torture, both ordinary and extraordinary, in order to make him reveal his accomplices."

Against this horrible doom the unfortunate Le Brun appealed.

There appeared to be, indeed, good grounds for an appeal, for the only fact really proved against the condemned man was that he certainly had the means of admitting anyone he pleased into the house, and even into the lady's chamber.

On the other hand, the deceased had habitually kept a very open and not very well conducted house, where high play was constantly going on; and many persons visited the house of whom the servants saw or knew little or nothing at all.

Farther, the loft in which the bloody clothes were found, always stood open, and had in its ceiling a trap door leading to a run or gutter, which passed between the ridges from one house to another for half the length of the street.

Again, it was not necessary to go far in search of persons other than Le Brun, by whom the murder might have been committed.

The Abbe Poulard, a man of abandoned principles and scandalous life, lived in the house, and upon the most familiar terms with the murdered lady; and he had a sister whom Lady Mazel's second son had proposed to marry, but to which marriage Lady Mazel had such a repugnance, that she would not suffer the subject to be named in her presence.

The Abbe was further known to be in possession of a master key capable of opening every door in the house.

Lady Mazel was also known to have a mortal enemy in the person of her daughter-in-law, Lady de Savoniere, whom she had caused to be shut up in a convent thirteen years previously, on account of the scandalous irregularity of her life.

This person was known to have escaped from the convent in question, and to have been for some time living in concealment in the city of Paris.

It is also very surprising that no enquiry should have been made regarding the whereabouts of the man Berry, who might well have been the principal, even if Le Brun were an accessory to the crime. Berry, as before mentioned, had been in Lady Mazel's service for about a year, but had, in the month of March prior to the murder, been dismissed for robbing his mistress of about fifteen hundred livres. He had been seen in Paris about the time the murder was done, and M. de Savoniere was informed of the fact, but had taken no proceedings upon the information.

On 23rd February, 1690, Le Brun was put to the torture in terms of the sentence passed upon him, but still persisted, in spite of his cruel sufferings, in his firm denial of all knowledge of the crime.

On the 27th, the judges again met, and resolved in the meantime to revoke the death sentence passed upon Le Brun, until more ample evidence of his guilt should be obtained.

The unfortunate victim survived this decision but a short time.

He gradually sank, and died in prison on the first of March following, declaring most pathetically, with his last breath, his complete innocence, and his resignation to his hard fate.

The public generally believed him to have been an innocent sufferer, and his family received many marks of sympathy and kindness in their distress.

On the 27th of March, after Le Brun's death, information reached the Provost of Sens, that a person had lately settled in his district as a dealer in cattle and horses, who appeared to be possessed of a great deal of ready money, and who went by the name of John Gerlat.

It was farther reported that this man's real name was Berry, and that he was known to have been a valet in Paris.

The man's being in possession of so much money being in itself a suspicious circumstance, he was apprehended—at first merely that he might give an account of himself.

When taken into custody he attempted to bribe the officers to allow him to escape, but this attempt failed, and merely tendered to confirm the suspicions that had been aroused regarding him.

The officers immediately searched the prisoner, and found upon his person a very valuable gold watch, which subsequently turned out to have belonged to Lady Mazel, and to have been in her possession on the night of the murder.

The bloody shirt and cravat found in Lady Mazel's house were found to be Berry's, and other circumstances concurring to show his guilt, he was, on 21st July 1690, condemned to be tortured and afterwards broken on the wheel.

On the following day the sentence was executed. Under torture Berry confessed to a share in the murder, and made a statement implicating certain other persons. When, however, he arrived at the place of execution, he withdrew his previous statement and made a final confession to the following effect:

He stated that he had come to Paris on Wednesday, the 23rd November, 1689, with the intention of robbing Lady Mazel's house, and took up his quarters at an inn called "The Golden Chariot."

That on the Friday following he went, in the dusk of the evening, to Lady Mazel's house, and, finding the street door open, went in.

Meeting no one in the court-yard or hall, he went softly upstairs to a sort of granary where a supply of oats was kept.

There he remained until the following Sunday forenoon, about eleven o'clock, having meantime subsisted upon some apples and bread with which he had provided himself.

Knowing that Lady Mazel was in the habit of attending mass at that hour, he stole softly downstairs to her chamber, the door of which he found open.

He thereupon entered the room and concealed himself under the bed.

There he lay until the afternoon, when Lady Mazel, after being in and out of the room several times, left the house to attend vespers, locking the door of the room behind her.

Knowing that the lady would not return for some time, he came out from under the bed, and having found his hat troublesome, he took it off and made a softer covering for his head out of a napkin which he found in the room.

He then tied the bell ropes to the frame of the bed, and afterwards sat down by the fire and warmed himself until it became dark, when, hearing a carriage drive into the court-yard, he again concealed himself under the bed, where he remained until midnight.

Lady Mazel having then been in bed for about an hour, he came out of his hiding-place and found that she was awake. He, at once, demanded her money, when she began to scream, until he threatened her with death if she made any further noise.

Notwithstanding this threat, Lady Mazel attempted to ring one of the bells, but failed to reach it, as the rope had been tied up; whereupon he drew his knife and stabbed her repeatedly.

The unfortunate lady attempted to defend herself until her strength failed, when she fell face downwards upon the bed.

He then repeatedly stabbed her until life appeared to be quite extinct.

The murderer then lighted a candle, and found the key of the strong box in Lady Mazel's wardrobe.

The strong box was then without difficulty opened, and Berry took out of it 6,000 livres in gold.

This money he placed in a linen bag, and closing the box, he placed the key in the wardrobe.

He then threw into the fire the knife with which he had committed the murder, and in the fireplace it was subsequently found.

Berry also stated that his cravat was torn from his neck in the death struggle, and that he had left upon the bed the napkin he had used as a head covering.

Then, taking his hat from under the bed, where he had left it, he went out of the chamber, and, as he did so, noticed upon a chair near the door what he supposed to be the key of the room.

As he knew the secret of the spring lock he had no difficulty in opening the door of the ante-chamber; and so after resuming his coat and waistcoat, he stole softly downstairs and left the house, about one o'clock in the morning.

He then hurried as quickly as possible to his quarters at "The Golden Chariot," and went to bed.

Berry solemnly swore to the truth of this statement upon a crucifix which he held in his hand, and immediately afterward he was broken on the wheel.

The criminal endured this dreadful punishment with the greatest fortitude, and died praying that his sufferings might be accepted as some atonement for the death of the innocent Le Brun.

Lady Mazel's heirs paid to the widow and family of that unfortunate man a legacy, which was found to have been left to him by his murdered mistress, and repaid the whole cost of the innocent sufferer's defence—a tardy and poor recompense, truly, for the loss, by an undeserved and cruel death, of an affectionate and beloved husband and father.

The Park Gate.

BY P. S

ABOUT forty years since, Monsieur de Leutral was the owner of a fine mansion near Auteuil. The fame of his hospitality and good dinners, and the brilliancy of his fetes and entertainments, were proverbial, and drew together, in one common focus, the elite of the fashionable world. Monsieur de Leutral was a bachelor, and lived with his niece, who did the honors of his house.

She was about eighteen. There was in her manner a kindness and cordiality, united with perfect good breeding, enhancing the effects of the latter, like a warm background throws out and gives a tone to the most finished picture. Few faces could better bear minute investigation.

Above the middle size, she had all the dignity of height, without its awkwardness. Her features were small, and beautifully chiselled; her eyes were darkly and beautifully blue, and the long, dark fringes that shadowed them gave a Murillo softness to her cheek when she looked down.

Such, reader, was Emilie, the ward of Monsieur de Leutral. It was his intention to bestow upon her a rich dower—such as a princess might envy; and at his death she was to become heir to his immense wealth. But to this he had attached one condition; never to encourage the addresses of any suitor unknown to her uncle—and especially those of a military man.

It was not that he entertained any prejudice against the profession, but he objected to military men as husbands; and especially in time of war. His late sister, the mother of Emilie, had bestowed her hand upon a colonel of the Imperial Guard, who, three months after his marriage had fallen on the field of honor, while leading on his division to the charge at the memorable battle of Aspern.

His widow, some months after, died of a broken heart, while giving birth to Emilie, leaving the orphan to the guardianship of Monsieur de Leutral. And well did he perform his task. He doted upon his ward as if she had been his own child, and determined that her future happiness should not be endangered or disturbed by the casualties of war.

Among the crowd of persons who assiduously frequented the chateau, and courted the society of Mdlle Emilie, was the Count de St. Clair, a gentleman of high lineage, of great intellect and information, who had already acquired a great degree of military reputation, and stood high in the estimation of the Emperor Napoleon.

It is not our purpose to give a minute description of the nature of the passion which the count entertained for this beautiful girl, nor the particulars of the early stage of their reciprocal affections. Let us proceed to relate the occurrence which is so intimately connected with the title of this tale.

One lovely morning, just before the break of day, in the sweet maiden time of the year—the gentle month of May. It was still dark. At one of the angles of the chateau a casement was open—a female stood before it; opposite that window, a few paces distant, was a chestnut-tree, from the midst of whose wide-spreading foliage a gentleman was noiselessly descending, who had been conversing with the lady at the open casement, whose anxious glances followed him to the ground.

On beholding him reach it in safety, she made him a tender sign of satisfaction. The count—for it was he—acknowledged the sweet token of adieu, and hastily retired amongst the labyrinth of shrubs and trees that surrounded the chateau.

Emilie did not leave the window until she had suffered the necessary time to elapse to enable the count to reach the park gate—she then retired; but whether the hinges of the wicket had creaked on their pivots—whether the gate itself had been closed with less care than usual—or whether it was the cry of a human being, Emilie knew not; it was however, certain that an unusual noise fell upon her ear; she hastily re-opened her casement, and listened once more; but she heard nothing to excite her alarm; and the deep silence that ensued calmed her apprehension.

The daylight dawned, and at length the hour of breakfast arrived.

Emilie descended to the breakfast parlor, to perform the honors of the table to her guardian and his numerous guests that were sojourning at the chateau; and, as usual, the conversation was gay and lively, the chief topic of discourse being the ball which was to take place that evening, to celebrate the birthday of Emilie.

Everyone was prepared to be amiable and agreeable upon so interesting an occasion; when suddenly the gamekeeper, whose name was Raoul, without giving any notice, abruptly rushed into the room giving vent to the violence of his feelings in loud and hasty exclamations:

"Oh, dear!—oh dear!" cried he; "what have I found? We are all done for! the country right and left will be laid waste! Oh, sir! the robbers have entered the park; whether they be Jacobins, Red Republicans, or Socialists, I know not."

"Who has dared to trespass on my inclosures?" demanded M. de Leutral, interrupting the ejaculations of Raoul.

"Who has dared to enter your domains, sir?" repeated the gamekeeper.

"Yes! Who has dared?"

"Why, assassins—sir—villians! republicans with false keys, that open the sally-port that leads into the forest."

Emilie now perceived that her cheeks had lost all their bloom at this moment. But Raoul vociferated so lustily, that the attention of every one was directed toward him.

Monsieur de Leutral again silenced him in the midst of his lamentations, and demanded what had taken place to cause so extraordinary an ebullition of woe?

"Behold, sir!" ejaculated the terror-stricken gamekeeper, now almost driven to madness. "Behold what I have found."

And with these words, he drew from his pocket a handkerchief, and cast upon the table before his master two fingers horribly mutilated.

Every person present drew back in un-

feigned horror, while Emilie uttered a piercing shriek.

But in a moment she recollected that her happiness and that of her lover depended upon her prudence and self-possession. She accordingly succeeded in mastering her feelings.

During the silence that took place, after the cry of horror that had escaped the lips of Emilie, at the sight of the mutilated fingers lying on the table, the gamekeeper had time to continue his clamorous narrative.

"Yes, sir," said Raoul, in a loud voice; "they were caught in the park gate, and what proves the thing was done by robbers, and that the rogues were numerous, is the fact, that the spring wicket had only smashed the fingers, for they were afterwards taken off. It is not possible that one man could have courage enough to operate in so horrible a manner upon himself."

Monsieur de Leutral examined the fingers with gloomy looks and deep attention; and then suddenly glancing round the room, without fixing his eyes upon any person in particular, he said, with a bitter smile:

"The skin of these mangled fingers is very white, and those nails are kept in too good order to be those of a robber."

Every one of those words fell like scorching drops of boiling lead upon the heart of Emilie. Her teeth chattered; she felt that her brain whirled, and that her eyes became dim. But the various opinions which M. de Leutral called forth from the guests too much confusion to allow her emotion to be perceived. The indignation of his friends concealed the confusion of Emilie.

Presently M. de Leutral having made a sort of half apology to his guests, demanded of Raoul if the traces of blood that were left afforded any particular ground of suspicion.

"Impossible!" replied the gardener; "they stop at the foot of the wicket."

"And you have discovered nothing more?" inquired Monsieur de Leutral. "Nothing that can put us upon a right scent—no fragment of a garment, no riding whip, no key, or anything, in fine, which the wounded may have let fall?"

"No, sir,—no! I have found nothing," replied the gamekeeper; but another fact, which proves that the villians were numerous, or, rather, that there were more than one, is that the knife was wiped upon a piece of paper—a thing that no wounded man could think of doing. This is the paper I allude to."

"Give it to me!" cried his master, eagerly; and he anxiously seized upon the blood-stained paper which Raoul handed to him.

He examined it long and attentively; and during his investigation, while every one was gazing silently upon the host, Emilie could hear her heart beating in her breast.

Suddenly her guardian raised his eyes towards her, and said, without exhibiting the most remote suspicion:

"If you examine this, you will think as I do. Here is the mark where the blade was wiped; and the trace clearly proves that the amputation was performed with a flat poignard, and not with a knife."

"Exactly what it is!" shouted Raoul. "Those brigands always carry poignards! The villians—the ruffians—the murderers!"

M. de Leutral ordered the gamekeeper to leave the room, while Emilie took the paper and mechanically passed it to her right-hand neighbor, so soon as she had glanced curiously over it.

That person scrutinised it with the utmost curiosity, and again awoke the slumbering terrors of the wretched Emilie, by saying:

"Yes, there is something written beneath the blood."

"Let us see it!" exclaimed Monsieur de Leutral, his eyes flashing fire, and his voice almost choked with emotion.

The paper was passed to him once more, and, after a great deal of difficulty, he gradually deciphered these words: "M de Leutral and Mdlle Emilie have the honor to invite——"

He stopped—the paper was torn just there. The syllables of this phrase, thus seen, sounded like the call of death in the ears of Emilie. M. de Leutral crushed the paper in his hands with terrible violence, and now, for the first time giving vent to the tempest that raged within him, he addressed his ward in an angry tone, and said:

"'Tis well—this evening we shall see which of our guests will be missing."

He hastily left the room, followed by his friends, in a state of moody and suspicious silence. Emilie remained alone, and was now, for the first time, enabled to examine the terrible object of accusation.

She gazed upon it—and so well is each beautiful feature of a lover registered in the tablet of his mistress' memory, that she recognized and secured the sad relic.

The devotion of the noble count to the welfare and honor of his mistress—to mutilate himself—was terrible? But that which he subsequently did was far more chivalrous still.

It were impossible to depict the misery—the agony—the despair that rent the bosom of Emilie throughout that unhappy day! Years—long years of woe, were outdone by that single day of bitterness—of reckless prospect, and of unutterable distress!

A vain hope—ever attendant upon those cases where the result of misfortune is not yet known—occasionally penetrated to her wounded soul. The sense of her duties, and the necessity of attending to her domestic avocations, also came to her assistance; and she thus partially soothed her agitated mind.

In the evening she appeared in the ball-room, resplendent and calm! In proportion as the hour of danger advanced, she felt that she gradually became more tranquil. Instead of suffering her misfortune to gain upon her step by step, she calculated its full extent in her imagination.

She knew the lapse of a few minutes would decide her fate; for she was thoroughly convinced that her guardian would never be induced to forgive her disobedience; she must give up all hopes of a dowry—and she was prepared for so great a sacrifice.

The entertainment commenced, and the guests arrived in crowds. M. de Leutral—stationed at a little distance from the door—affected to receive them with a degree of politeness which permitted him to count and examine all who passed him.

The hour advanced and the count did not make his appearance, a few other fashionables of the day were also late.

The festival continued, and some of the expected guests were still wanting, but they were only ladies and old men—not one on whom suspicion could fall, save the Count de St. Clair.

Emilie was aware of this, and her uncle whispered in her ear, as she passed by the place where he was posted:

"The circle of my suspicions gradually becomes smaller; it now includes but three names, and already might I select one, and announce myself that the Count——"

At the moment when M. de Leutral was about to pronounce the fatal name, the ball-room door was thrown open, and a lacquey announced the Count de St. Clair.

M. de Leutral and his niece were each so anxious to devour him with a look, that neither perceived the disorder that was pictured upon each other's countenance.

But the appearance of the count excited far different sentiments in the breast of his entertainer; he came carelessly with his opera hat under his arm, playing with his shirt frill with one hand, and dangling his watch charm with the other—both being covered with irreproachable white kid gloves.

"Ah! it is not he, then!" thought the uncle and ward at the same moment.

"It is not he, then," said the uncle to himself.

"It is not he who was wounded," said Emilie to herself.

Oh! from that moment how everything was changed in her eyes! The magnitude of the danger that menaced her was diminished—her lover was safe—and her agonies of soul were abrogated.

These ideas raised her spirits to such a height, that had not her guardian been occupied in waiting for other guests who did not come, he would have read the truth in the joyous glances of his ward.

Several times when the count passed near her, he spoke with that ease and elegance of which he was the model. The ball progressed, and our heroine was relieved from all her fears.

In the course of the evening, according to the custom of the times, the company proposed to dance a Gavot.

The most distinguished persons in the room were called upon to figure in this dance; so that the Count de St. Clair soon found himself placed as a vis-a-vis of Emilie. She was in ecstacies at the prospect of being enabled to receive and return the courteous smiles of her lover, and to press the hand so freely tendered in the prescribed mazes of the dance.

Her heart felt lighter than it ever before had seemed; and even if a remnant of dread had linked in her mind, it would have vanished at the sight of the ease and grace with which he acquitted himself in the Gavot, and by which he attracted the attention of all the spectators present.

In one of the figures, when the rapidity of the terpsichorean movements concealed every expression of any passion or particular feeling, Emilie suffered herself to squeeze her lover's hand, as if to felicitate him upon a joy which she supposed he could not comprehend. At that moment a fearful shriek re-echoed through the room.

Reader, it did not emanate from the count—it escaped from the lips of the wretched Emilie; for she had felt, as she pressed her lover's hand, the fingers of cotton, so skilfully prepared, yield to her touch, while he was unaware that she had thus intended to convey a token of her esteem.

From that moment a raging fever took possession of Emilie, and every morning did the count call to inquire after her health—thus evincing his tenderness to the last. At the expiration of a week, he departed to join the army, carrying his secret with him.

Emilie and her guardian were informed some time after, that, having been wounded in an engagement, where he exposed himself with uncalled-for rashness, he was obliged to undergo a shocking operation. On his return he had lost his sword-arm.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Emilie, as soon as she saw him alone, and for the first time, "what have you done?"

"The most prudent thing I could do," was the calm reply, "in order to overcome the scruples of your uncle respecting military men. I am now incapacitated for, and have retired from, the service, and am once more a civilian—and I trust as such he will waive his objections."

M. de Leutral having learned the noble devotedness of the count on behalf of his niece, no longer withheld his consent to their union; and giving Emilie a dower of one million of francs; he appointed her heiress to the remainder of his immense wealth.

FIGHTING AGAINST HUNGER.—For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing his sufferings are perhaps more acute than in the remaining stages, says a man who has been through this bitter experience. He feels an inordinate unspeakable craving at the stomach night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread and other substances, but still, in a great measure, the body retains its strength.

On the third and fourth days, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to a sinking and a weakness of the stomach, accompanied by nausea.

The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with a loss of strength he loses that eager craving which he felt in the earlier stages. Should he chance to get a morsel or two of food, within five minutes his sufferings are more intense than ever.

On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated, his color is ashy pale, and his eyes wild and glassy.

The different parts of the stomach now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food; the legs, from weakness, refuse.

The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in an overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes dizzy; the ghosts of well-remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through his mind.

The seventh day comes, bringing increased lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arms hang listlessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is felt to a degree, but it must be brought, not sought.

The miserable remnant of a life that still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne, yet his inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve if it can be saved without a tax on bodily exertion.

The mind wanders.

At one time he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile; the next he is endowed with unnatural strength, and if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly forward, wondering whence proceeds his new and sudden impulse.

INDUSTRY.—"If you ask me," says Zimmerman, "which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No, I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence, will conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.

At Home and Abroad.

The remarkable thing about most of the accidents that happen to bicyclists is that the injured is not a novice on the wheel, but generally an inexperienced, if not an expert rider. The novices seem to have sense enough to keep out of danger's way. But as soon as one becomes accustomed to the wheel he begins to overestimate his ability to dodge danger when he gets into its path. Witness the foolhardiness of the Chicago youths who make a practice of riding through the tunnels between the cable cars.

An extraordinary story is current in the European press to the effect that the Arctic explorer, Dr. Nansen, is about to be remarried to his wife, in consequence of the fact that prior to his departure on his last voyage in search of the North Pole he divorced her in order to permit her to marry again in case of his disappearance or death, without going to the trouble of proving his decease. In order to understand this it must be explained that in many countries in Europe great strictness prevails with regard to the remarriage of women whose husbands' deaths cannot be legally proved, absences of seven, ten and even fifteen years being required by law to furnish satisfactory evidence that a missing spouse is no longer in the land of the living.

"Going up Broadway the other day," said an observer, "I met a young father and mother; the mother was carrying in her arms a little child. The child looked up at its mother and smiled, and the mother looked down and smiled back at the child, and then she bent over it and kissed it, and walked on still smiling over it, quite unmindful of the turmoil of Broadway and of all its shops and people. Further up Broadway I saw a white hearse coming down, with a little white casket within. Following was a single carriage, and in that sat a father and a mother with bowed heads, with no eye and no thought for the great street's gayety and wealth, unconscious of it all, their hearts in the little white casket."

A fleet of twelve giant freight steamers has been built in less than ten months for the Bessemer Steamship Company on the Great Lakes, controlled by John D. Rockefeller. The vessels have been appropriately named for men famous for their connection with the mining, engineering and metallurgical world. The flagship of the fleet is the Sir Henry Bessemer, while among the others are such names as Nasmyth, from the inventor of the steam hammer; Ericsson, from the builder of the Monitor; Corliss, the maker of engines; Krupp, Fulton, Watts, Siemens, Ball, Fairbairn and Holley. Amid all the development of the lake marine and steel interests in the last few years it has strangely enough remained for this new company to honor the memories of the greatest men these industries have had by naming ships for them.

The selection of a design for a Canadian flag is still an interesting topic to citizens of the new Dominion. A recent suggestion comes from a resident of Toronto who advocates the placing of a single large white fleur-de-lis upon the fly of the red or blue ensign of Britain. He refers to the fleur de lis, says the New York Times, as the "emblem of old France—France as it was in 1763—France when it possessed and governed Canada"—and his idea is to commemorate by this monarchical emblem the French-Canadian part in the scheme of confederation. "In the Union Jack," he says, "are the combined symbols of England, Scotland and Ireland; their sons want nothing more. Let us now place on our British ensign the insignia of France of the eighteenth century, out of gratitude and respect for her sons and their descendants, who did so much and so well for La Nouvelle France, and have so recently shown that they are ready to do as much and as well for our grand common country."

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Our Young Folks.

THE QUEEN OF THE ROSES.

BY E N L.

JUNE had come again, and there was great excitement amongst the rose-trees, whose young buds were peeping out from the bright green leaves.

"Who would be Queen of the Roses this summer?" the trees whispered to each other, all eager to claim the Queen of the year.

The fairies were busy flitting from flower to flower, inspecting this, passing that as unworthy of attention.

There were tea roses, blush roses, moss roses, cabbage roses—roses of every color, from deepest red to palest pink and shining white; all so lovely, the fairies were sorely puzzled to choose.

At last, on a tiny tree they espied an exquisite rose dressed in the softest pink, every petal so perfect, and yet so sweet and modest in its beauty, the fairies were enchanted.

They had chosen, summer after summer, the Queen of the garden—proud, lovely roses, haughty in their pride of beauty; but never before had a flower combined so much beauty and grace with such a sweet and gentle nature.

Ah, indeed! the coronation would be a glorious one. There was joy and gladness in the garden when the fairies' decision was made known.

All the flowers were busy unfolding their leaves, curling a petal here, smoothing out a crease there in the beautiful frocks nature had given them.

But there was one jealous exception to all this happiness. Passed over and neglected by the fairies this year, there brooded an angry rose bush, which last year had had the glory of providing the summer's Queen; but the regal red flower had been full of selfishness and pride, and cared nothing for the order and happiness of the garden, and sought only that which gave pleasure to herself.

This proud and haughty tree had hoped to provide another royal flower this year also, and in its rage at the neglect with which the fairies, who love goodness as much as beauty, had treated it, determined to try and bring sorrow and disgrace on the gentle little Queen they had chosen.

How was this to be done? All the long dewy night, while its companions were sleeping peacefully under the bright stars, it plotted in its jealous mind how it could accomplish its evil desire.

Suddenly it felt a sharp tug at one of its bright green leaves, and shuddered to see sitting there a great black spider.

"Do not be afraid," said the hideous creature; "for I, too, hate the fairies, and will help you to destroy the rose they have chosen."

Now, this was no ordinary spider, but a wicked witch, who hated everything good and beautiful.

"How can you help me?" asked the astonished rose tree.

"Listen," replied the witch; "I will change myself into a caterpillar, and will eat into the heart of the rose, so that when the coronation takes place, and the flower opens her petals, she will be found diseased and eaten at the heart; a sight to repel all her subjects, and disgrace the fairies who chose her; but as my reward, you must consent to let me spin my webs amongst your leaves and make my home in your flowers."

The tree, however, was so delighted at the cruel plot, that it willingly consented to the spider's conditions, although at any other time it would have feared the dreadful creature; now it would be revenged indeed.

"I must go at once," said the witch, "for it is only in the dark I can use my spells; and when the sunbeams come again the fairies will begin flitting about, making preparations for the coronation."

"Oh! go at once," cried the tree; and the spider hurried off to do its cruel work.

Meanwhile, one of the fairies, who had curled himself up in a rose leaf on the wicked tree, had been disturbed by the voices of the conspirators, and lay trembling in his retreat, listening to the cruel plans.

What could the poor little fairy do? he wondered, for all the fairies were scattered to their homes in the distant rose trees, and he would never have time to collect his friends to protect the beautiful flower. What should he do?

He sprang up, and flew to a briar rose growing near by, and begged her to spare him one of her long sharp thorns for a sword, so that he might fly at once and try to protect the rose.

The good briar willingly gave him her longest and sharpest thorn, and thus armed, he flew off as fast as his gossamer wings would carry him; but fairies are delicate beings, and the damp, dewy night made him shiver and tremble so much he could scarcely fly; nevertheless, the fairy bravely struggled on arriving weary and tired, but determined to do his best to save the Queen.

He was only just in time, for as he alighted on the rose's beautiful petals he espied a great green caterpillar crawling along its stem. The poor rose was trembling in its terror of the great monster come to destroy it.

"Do not lose courage. I will save you," cried the valiant fairy.

On hearing these words the infuriated caterpillar rose on its long body, and rushed with all its strength on him.

A terrible battle ensued, and both combatants were hurt and bruised in the fight. The fairy struck out bravely with his sword, but was nearly overpowered by the great creature, who tried to curl round and throw him; his wings were crushed and injured, and sometimes it seemed as if he must perish, and leave the poor rose to its fate.

At last, freeing himself with a desperate effort from the clutches of the caterpillar, he drew back and rushed forward, and with all his strength plunged his sword deep into the sides of his adversary.

With a groan, the caterpillar rolled over and fell from the branch, and lay dead at the foot of the tree.

The brave fairy sank exhausted amongst the rose leaves, who gently bathed his wounds with their dew, and the beautiful rose revived him with her sweetest perfumes.

Then the sunbeams came peeping across the garden, waking the fairies, who all came trooping to see the beautiful flower they had chosen, and to arrange for the coronation.

Great was their consternation at the tale they heard from the favored tree; but when the fairies saw that their dear companion had revived, and that the beautiful rose was uninjured, they rejoiced to find that the wicked witch who had so often caused them sorrow and trouble was dead.

Their indignation was great against the cruel rose tree, whom they all agreed was unworthy to live in the beautiful garden any longer.

They, therefore, caused it to be covered with blight, so that when the gardener saw it he said, "This rose tree must be destroyed;" and it was then and there pulled up and burnt with the weeds near by.

The Queen of the Fairies then bestowed her lovely daughter on the brave fairy who had defended the rose so nobly.

At mid day, in the bright June sunshine, the coronation took place.

Never was anything so beautiful seen as the blushing rose who bowed gracefully to receive the crown which was placed upon her head by the valiant fairy, formally declaring her, amidst the triumphant shouts of the flowers, to be the Queen of the Roses.

MOLLY'S CLOCK.

BY M. D.

LITTLE Molly was only four years old. Her father and mother were in India—such a long, long way from Molly; but she was living with kind Aunt Mary and two cousins until father and mother could come back to England again.

Molly liked her cousins Jessie and Harry very much, but she liked Harry the better. He was a very merry schoolboy, ten years old.

Molly used to watch for him at the garden gate just before teatime, and he would swing his strap of books over his shoulder and take his cousin's hand, making her laugh all the way to the house.

Then she sat beside him at tea, and was not at all pleased when Jessie said she must go to bed and that Harry must learn his lessons for next day.

Jessie was just a little bit sharp sometimes, and Molly was certainly just a little bit spoilt, and so Aunt Mary had to come and make going to bed all bright and pleasant, as going to bed should be.

Harry whispered in Molly's ear one morning—

"I'll take you out this afternoon—it's a half-holiday. You come and meet me."

Molly nodded happily.

After dinner Jessie went out with Aunt Mary, and Molly waited in the garden for Harry.

Sad to say, Harry forgot his promise to little Molly, and went fishing with a schoolfellow.

Jessie picked a basket of flowers before she went out, and tied some into a wreath which she put on her little cousin's head.

"Now, have a nice play with kitty till we come back," said Jessie, popping the kitten with its bow of blue ribbon into Molly's lap.

If a kitten doesn't happen to be sleepy, you all know it never sits still—it is very like most of the little boys and girls I know. In spite of Molly's coaxing little hands, Miss Kitty soon raced up a tree, where she sat washing her face, far out of reach.

Molly went to the gate to watch for Harry, and then a chicken ran across to the common, and the little girl remembered that Harry had asked her to meet him; so she toddled after the chicken, and in and out amongst furze bushes and ferns, till she had really gone a long way.

No one came by.

Molly pulled a dandelion stalk, and blew the soft down.

"One, two, three, four!" she counted between the puffs. "Four o'clock!" she said, and then she listened to the bees humming and watched little insects walking about the plants, and then she went fast asleep.

Harry did not get home till six o'clock, and there he found everyone hunting for little Mollie.

He threw down his fishing rod on the lawn, and ran away to the common without a word, for he remembered that he had told Molly to come and meet him.

As he went he saw a tall man carrying a little girl. He ran fast, for he was sure it was Molly, and he thought she must be hurt. His face was quite pale, and the man called out—

"Does this little girl belong to you?"

Molly woke up at this, and held out her arms to Harry.

"It's four o'clock," she said, and she still held the dandelion stalk in her hand. "Nay, it's past six, missie," said the man as he put her down. "You must not wander so far from home."

Harry thanked the man for carrying his cousin, and as he took Molly's hand, she whispered—

"My clock says it's four."

THE BEES' QUEST.

Spring had come at last! The sun's warm rays had melted the snow on the mountains, the green grass blades had pierced through their withered sheaths, and the buds began to burst on the trees and let the young leaves peep through.

And now a little bee awoke from its long winter sleep. It rubbed its eyes, and then roused its fellow companions. Together they opened the door and peeped around to see if the ice and snow and cold north wind had all disappeared. Yes, to their great joy, everything was bright and beautiful in the warm sunshine.

So they slipped out of the hive and dressed their wings, and tried to fly again. Oh! how delightful it was—but, dear me! how very hungry they found themselves! So off they flew to a gnarled old apple tree, and piteously begged for something to eat.

"Oh," said the apple tree, "you have come too soon. My blossoms are all hidden away in the buds still. But go to the cherry tree; there you will very likely find food for hungry little bees."

So off again they flew—only, however, to be again disappointed, for the cherry-tree said:

"Not to-day; my buds are all fast closed. But come again to-morrow: only too gladly may you feast when my blossoms are opened."

What could the bees do further, for their appetite grew keener? Ah! see yonder, across the garden, is a beautiful and lovely colored flower, and so large, too! Flying to it, they sought diligently for honey in its calyx. In vain! The tulip had none; nor sweetness nor perfume either. Oh, poor little bees, and so hungry too!

Saddened and tired out, they were just turning homewards, when they saw a tiny blue floweret under the hedge. It was a violet; and it welcomed them gladly to the repast it had in store, opening wide its fragrant calyx, and satisfying the hungry little mouths, and generously giving them honey beyond to carry to their home.

EXERT your talents, and distinguish yourself, and don't think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire. I hate a fellow whom pride or cowardice or laziness drives into a corner, and who does nothing while he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out as I do, and bark.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

There are 300 species of turtles.

The ancient Greeks and Egyptians wore the simple sandal.

The Assyrians first introduced the heel for security and comfort in walking.

Some of the French railway companies employ women not only as clerks, but in the signal box.

The elephant is the chief beast of burden in Siam and Afghanistan. An "elephant load" is estimated at two tons.

A female cod of fifteen pounds weight, recently examined by the British Fish Warden, was found to have a roe containing 4,872,000 eggs.

It is claimed that during the last twenty-five years but one person for every 3,500,000 carried by the railroads of Denmark has been killed.

In the celebrated case of Cauvin at Lyons the supposed murderer was tried no less than three times—sentenced to death twice and acquitted the third time.

In the jungles of Sumatra the largest spiders are found. Some of the larger specimens measure eight inches across the back and have seventeen inches of leg spread.

Since the beginning of this century the use of the Italian language has greatly increased. In 1801 it was spoken by 15,070,000 people, and in 1890 it was used by 33,400,000.

Women prompters have been tried at Covent Garden Theatre with success, as it has been found that their voices carry better across the stage, and are less audible in the auditorium.

The per capita cost of living in New South Wales is the highest in the world, being nearly $300 per head per annum. In the United Kingdom it is about $160, in the United States $170 and in Canada $120.

There is a white-bearded race of savages among the forests of the Maranon in South America, supposed to be descended from deserters and stragglers from the Spanish Conquerors, who are believed to be cannibals.

All animals when taken for a sea voyage become tamer. Monkeys suffer greatly from mal de mer. Fowls and geese soon become thin, and cocks generally cease to crow. Birds, too, are affected by the sea, and never sing during a voyage.

In one consignment recently a feather dealer in London received 6000 birds of Paradise, 800,000 birds of various kinds from the East Indies and 400,000 humming birds. In three months another dealer imported 356,300 birds from the East Indies.

It would seem that the influence of climate upon national character has been greatly exaggerated, says a recent writer. Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt and Carthage, situated in hot latitudes, were among the most masterful nations of antiquity.

A jewelry store at Ypsilanti, Mich., has a queer bimetallic display. There are two fish gloves, one containing a solitary goldfish, the other sixteen shiner minnows, sixteen silver-trimmed spectacles to one gold rimmed; sixteen silver watches to one gold, and so on.

Bagpipes are becoming a fashionable instrument for ladies in British drawing-rooms, it is said, Lady Elspeth Campbell, the Duke of Argyll's granddaughter, who is a skilled performer, having introduced the fashion. The pipes for parlor use are richly decorated and specially toned.

The largest hornets' nest that has ever been taken undamaged was more than a yard in circumference and 1 foot 6 inches in length. It was found suspended from the roof of a house on the Earl of Clarendon's estate and weighed barely three pounds. It was said to contain 750 insects.

There are 75,000 children attending private schools and 160,000 attending public schools in New York city. There will soon be room for 13,000 more in the public schools. This will make a total of 248,000 attending the schools, but there are 50,000 more who are of school age, but not going to school.

"Chocolat," a Paris dog, without a master, is earning his own living by visiting restaurants at regular intervals and killing the rats. He is instinctive in his tastes, frequenting only the fashionable restaurants near the Madeleine, the cafe concerts in the Champs Elysees and the establishments in the Bois de Boulogne.

Sultan, a lion in the London Zoo, is a gift from the Queen. During the summer he takes his ease in one of the spacious iron cages erected to the rear of the fine lion house, lolling in the sun all day long and wondering why great iron bars are placed between him and his old friends in South Africa, the antelopes, who roam at large and beg food from the passers by just under his nose.

Many efforts are now being made in France to attract American students to study there. In the city of Grenoble, not far from Aix les-Bains, says the New York Tribune, the leading business men have formed a committee to welcome and assist young Americans who should choose the local university as a place of study. A circular has been issued by this committee setting forth the advantages of the University of Grenoble.

MEMORY.

BY G. L. D.

If Memory can wake a sigh,
Can dim with rising tears the eye,
And o'er the brow where gladness played
Can in a moment cast a shade;
Can hush the rising laugh in gloom
As dark and silent as the tomb—
Forget not that it has the power
To gild with charms the lonely hour,
And with the thoughts of pleasures past,
Of hopes and joys too bright to last,
It ever bears a ray of light
To cheer the gloom of present night.
Beneath its spell the mind retakes
Its tone of former gladness,
And now the sigh, if sigh it wakes,
Is robb'd of all its sadness.

SOME OLD GAMES.

The game of pall-mall, that gives its name to the thoroughfare which is built on the ground where the pastime attained its greatest celebrity, in London, is second to none in point of fame. It was an offshoot of golf and the predecessor of croquet, which, it must be admitted, has changed out of recognition in the course of its development from its grandparent.

If one can imagine an intermediate stage between golf and croquet, one has pall-mall; but it most unfortunately happens that the rules of the game as it was actually played have not been handed down to us.

Even the implements of the game have been outside modern ken but for a happy accident that fifty years ago revealed a pair of old mallets and a ball most appropriately entombed in the roof of a house in Pall Mall itself.

The mallets, which may be seen at the British Museum, are like those still used at croquet, except that they are curved at the bottom in order that the ball might be raised from the ground for one particular stroke, while the balls are of the same material as croquet balls—namely, boxwood—but smaller.

Pall-mall was played in an alley half a mile in length and carefully prepared, being hollowed in the centre and perfectly smooth, with a low wooden border. Distributed over the ground were iron arches, which varied in regard to number and position in the different developments of the game. Through these arches the ball had to be driven, the object being to accomplish the whole distance in the fewest possible number of strokes. Thus the connection between golf and croquet is apparent.

So far the game was easy enough; but the tribulations of the player were reserved for the end of his journey, when he was called upon to perform a feat that demanded an extraordinary amount of skill, by driving the ball through an iron ring, called "the pass," which was raised from the ground and suspended from a pole—a difficult stroke, which certainly called for an amount of adroitness that is beyond anything needed in modern games. What penalty attached to failure in performing this extraordinary feat is only a matter of conjecture.

Pall-mall was a fashionable amusement in France, and is said to have been introduced in England in the reign of James I., who mentions it among the exercises that he considered proper for his son Henry. This young prince had a pretty wit, as is shown by the following story, which also testifies to the connection between pall-mall and golf: "The prince was playing at golf, a play not unlike the pall-mall, and was about to strike the ball, when one standing by said to him, 'Beware you hit not Master Newton,' wherewith he, drawing back his hand, said, 'Had I done so I had but paid my debts.'"

In the early part of the seventeenth century the game was practised in that portion of St. James' Field which is now called Pall Mall. Charles II. was a frequent and enthusiastic player, and at his restoration, several houses having been erected on the old ground, he had an avenue in St. James' Park prepared as a mall, which name it still bears.

It is to be observed, however, that the word "Mall," which became commonly applied to the ground, originated from the mallet with which the game was played, while "Pall" took its name from the ball.

The numberless modifications that must have taken place in the process of development from golf to pall mall it is impossible to trace, and the manner in which the game was gradually transformed into croquet likewise remains a mystery.

Cotgrave, in his Dictionary, 1632, says: "Paille Maille is a game wherein a round box bowl is with a mallet struck through a high arch of iron, standing at either end of an alley, which he that can do in the fewest blows, or at the number agreed on, wins."

Evidently in this older form of the game the suspended ring had not been introduced. But the game as it was played in the days of its popularity had much to recommend it. Even more skill was required for it than for golf, and it gave no less exercise.

In these days when there is a tendency toward a revival in croquet, and golf is of paramount interest, those who appreciate variety in their exercises might do worse than attempt a resuscitation of the once popular pastime that combined some of the characteristics of both.

WHERE FASHION REIGNS.—Paris is the city where the dressmaking trade flourishes as it does in no other city in the world. In 1850 the number of dressmakers was given as only 158. There were besides 67 shops for the sale of ready-made feminine apparel, but there were none, as there are to-day, which sold lingerie or certain articles exclusively.

In the "Bottin," as the Paris directory is known, of 1895, there are 1,636 dressmakers and 290 commercial houses for the sale of ready-made garments, besides many establishments which manufacture special kinds of feminine attire alone. The number of working dressmakers in Paris is estimated as 65,000.

In all France, according to an authority, the industry of manufacturing the various articles of women's dress is in the hands of 81,406 male and 143,648 female owners of shops or factories.

GRACES OF MANNER.—It is the little graces of manner that make up a charming personality. For instance, no few people know how to receive a favor graciously! Ask them to render you a service, and they could not be more ready than they are. But try to offer them a courtesy, and see how quickly you will retire from their presence with a feeling of wounded pride and annoyance. Some will refuse outright, and others will accept as if they were bestowing a royal condescension. To accept something that we do not want, for which we have no use, to accept it in such a manner that the one who offers it will feel that he has rendered a desired service, is the height of consideration and good breeding.

Grains of Gold.

The memory of youth is—a sigh!

The acts of this life shall be the fate of the next.

A person is always startled when he hears himself seriously called old for the first time.

Only what we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us.

Every cloud has a silver lining, but you have to climb to the heights of philosophy to reach it.

It seems as though, at the approach of a certain dark hour, the light of heaven instills those who are leaving the light of earth.

When an old man was asked how he had attained to an old age so serene and lovely, he said: "I have never rejoiced at any evil which happened to my neighbor."

Death is birth. And as in this life we woke into consciousness in the arms of loving friends, so we may venture to hope our next waking will be bosomed by that Eternal Love which provided this shelter for us here.

Femininities.

"This liver is awful, Maud," said Mr. Newwed. "I'm very sorry," returned the bride; "I'll tell the cook to speak to the liveryman about it."

The new woman has invaded another occupation. A church of Boston has just appointed a woman sexton, probably the only one in New England.

Schoolma'ams are getting the upper hand in Great Britain. While twenty years ago there were 11,616 male teachers to 14,901 female, last year the numbers were 26,270 men and 68,310 women.

The best way to ascertain whether coffee has been adulterated is to pour cold water on it. If pure, it will color the water very slightly; if mixed with chicory, the water will take a brownish hue.

"There's one thing," he said, jeeringly, "men never get together and talk about one another the way women do." "No," she answered, "I don't think they do. There is nothing interesting to say about them."

"Do you know, dear," she said to her bosom friend, "I am rather glad, after all, that we women don't run politics. You see, when I use a hammer I invariably hit my thumb! How ever would we nail all the campaign lies?"

The domestic tastes of the Princess of Wales have a most natural origin. Her father, in early manhood, was a poor younger son, and lived almost in seclusion with his wife and children. Her mother, a German matron, trained her to housewifery.

"So you and my daughter have concluded to get engaged, have you?" said the happy parent as he shook his prospective son-in-law by the hand.

"Yes,' said the airy young politician; "me and Mame have concluded to fuse."

"This time," said the fashion editress, "I am really stumped, so to speak."

"What is the matter?" asked the police reporter.

"A woman wants to know what is the proper dress to wear when carrying bouquets to a condemned murderer."

While Kaiser Wilhelm was celebrating the birthday of his little daughter Victoria recently by a children's party at Potsdam, the children wanted to dance. It being inconvenient to call in a military band, the Kaiser sent out into the street for an organ grinder, and after the dancing was over gave him 150 marks.

Mme. Christine Nilsson has a charming house in Madrid, two rooms of which are decorated in a unique style. The walls of her bedroom are papered with leaves of music from the operas in which she has sung, and the dining-room is papered with the hotel bills she has collected during her journeyings around the world.

"Good gracious," he cried, "was that a rooster I heard crowing then?"

"Yes," she said, "but don't hurry away. The people around here won't be up for an hour yet."

Next day he learned that her father had an educated rooster that crowed every night at 10:30 o'clock, and, of course, the match is off.

German pastor, to peasant girl: Why do you weep so much?

Peasant girl: Because my lover has gone to the Army for three years.

Pastor: But those will soon be over; then he will return.

Peasant girl: Yes; but I'm afraid that in the meantime another man will marry me.

The Queen of Italy speaks Italian, French, German and English fluently, and her boudoir table is generally strewn with books and magazines in all four languages. She is especially fond of books of travel, and regrets deeply that she has never been able to gratify her taste for foreign journeyings. Her chief expeditions outside her own country have been her mountain trips through Switzerland and the Austrian Tyrol.

That was an interesting competition for the best definition of "the new woman," which was conducted recently by an English newspaper. The prize went to this saying: "A fresh darn on the original blue stocking." Among other suggestions were: "six of one and half a dozen of the other." "One who has not yet attained to be a gentleman," "Man's newest and best reason for remaining single," "Mannishness minus manliness."

It has now been officially announced that the marriage of the Crown Prince of Italy and Princess Helene, of Montenegro, will take place in Rome, in the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli. The church was erected by Michael Angelo out of the largest and strongest of the walls remaining of the Thermae of Emperor Diocletian, eight of the colossal columns of Oriental granite erected by that Roman Cæsar forming a feature of the church to-day.

A lady recently wrote to the Cunard Steamship Company suggesting that more than two clothes hooks be placed in the stateroom of the vessels sailing from Boston. The company sent her a courteous reply, saying that her suggestion had, on examination, been decided to be most reasonable, and that directions had already been given to supply with the requisite hooks not only the stateroom of the steamer on which the lady had just crossed, but every other steamer of the line.

Masculinities.

The King of Italy receives every year a present of 10,000 picked Virginia cigars from the Emperor of Austria.

A Morristown, N. J., young man has bet his mustache against a society belle's golden tresses that McKinley will be elected.

A manufacturing firm has presented a wheel to Cardinal Satolli, which he will take with him to Rome next month as an illustration of American industry and skill.

Mrs. Newlywed: There are lots of new styles in fall hats.

Mr. Newlywed: Yes; but I notice there is no change in pockets.

He: How are you? Keeping strong?

She: No; only just managing to keep out of the grave.

He: Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

Pearl divers remain under water on an average from 50 to 60 seconds. Cases are recorded where they have remained as long as 6 minutes under water.

It is estimated that one-twelfth of the population of England suffer from gout. A Berlin physician, Dr. Fehlander, says that this malady is often due to the excessive use of meat.

For those with weakened digestive powers honey is said to be a very desirable food. If a person is very tired—"too exhausted to eat"—a few tastes of honey will act like magic.

Licenses to sell cigarettes in Fort Wayne, Ind., cost $500 dollars each, and some dealers have taken advantage of the political campaign to circumvent the law. They sell party buttons and throw in the cigarettes.

Mrs. Wigwag: So that hateful Mrs. Backbyte said you married me for my money, eh? Did you rebuke her for it?

Mr. Wigwag: Yes, indeed. I told her she shouldn't judge you by your looks.

Majaie, Queen of the Woodbush tribes in South Africa, and the original of Rider Haggard's "She," has just died at the age of 120 years. The Transvaal Government has approved of another old woman as her successor.

There is a reading room in a seaside Sussex town, to the door of which is attached a wooden box. You put in your penny, and let the door open. When you enter it shuts, but you can get out again without giving another penny.

Lighted cigarettes were distributed, the other day, among a lot of monkeys at the Zoo, in Paris, by some mischievous urchins. The animal puffed away at the weed in evident enjoyment until the advent of the keeper, who put a stop to it.

Pierre Loti went to a bull fight at Fuenterrabia recently and was made the guest of honor. The chief espada dedicated the death of the bull to him, and after the fight the novelist was obliged to throw his hat and pocketbook into the ring to live up to Spanish etiquette.

"I notice that you eat the heart of your watermelon first," said the theorist; "that is all wrong. You ought to save it up till the last."

"H'm," said the other man; "according to your theory a man oughtn't to begin the honeymoon until he had been married ten or twelve years."

A smoking match recently amused the public at Lille, France. Fifty of the hardest smokers of the district sat down together to consume two ounces of the strongest tobacco in the shortest possible time. They used clay pipes, and were helped by a big jug of beer. The winner finished in a quarter of an hour.

They tell of a Georgia candidate who offers to gin cotton free for everybody who will sign a contract to vote for him. Another one—a candidate for Coroner—finding a family that contained twelve votes, jerked off his coat and shingled the house for them. The Georgia candidate means business this financial year.

The San Francisco Call says that "there are at least 100 people walking the streets of San Francisco in good health and likely to live many years, who have already arranged the details of their funerals. They have selected the coffins in which they will be buried, and paid cash for the same, as well as for the burial plot, hearse, etc."

A peculiar feature of Queen Victoria's long reign, which has not been generally noted in the recent celebratory articles about it, is the fact that a man is no longer barred from holding high office in England on account of his religion. Victoria has had a Jewish Prime Minister (Beaconsfield) and a Roman Catholic Lord Chief Justice (Lord Russell).

At a recent sale in Paris, a unique timepiece, given by Philippe Egalite of France to George IV. of England when the latter was Prince of Wales, was sold for a large sum of money. The clock is in the shape of a negress' head, with jewels in the hair, and a jeweled clasp in the place of the usual handkerchief. In each ear is an open-work earring, and on pulling one of these the hour is shown in the right eye and the minute in the left; on pulling the other earring a set of sweet-toned bells chimes the hour.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Blue is the favorite color for lounging jackets and dresses, especially the corn flower shade. A rich glace in this, with large white flowers upon it, had a little godet basque, and a front of white chiffon peeping between large revers and epaulettes of white satin and frillings of lace; the sleeves are decidedly full and drooping, and muslin edged with ecru lace is a very general trimming.

Many women would be glad to hear of a new dressing cape made of muslin, gathered to a tucked yoke drawn in over the point of the shoulder with a pink ribbon, leaving the arms perfectly free.

The draped sleeve is particularly pretty with any of the pretty laces gathered into a ripple frill down the centre. The drapery falls to the elbow. As long as there is a tight effect on some part of the lower arm there is considerable latitude as regards the depth of the puff or fulness in the new sleeves.

Shades of yellow seen in the jonquil and nasturtium are much used in vests, flat plastrons, and collars of black gowns for the season. Often a small square yoke of yellow velvet is overlaid with jetted net, or striped with lines of ecru insertion. Yellow satin Breton vests appear on youthful gowns, and the round waist hooks invisibly on the left side or in the back.

Some of the new Mother Goose styles of hats for dress wear have sugar-loaf crowns and immense brims, flat all around, or curved at the sides. These shapes would prove trying to the most beautiful face or the most regular features. Many are of cream white felt, overdecorated with white plumes, tips, breast feathers, beaded galloons, or black and white effects in ribbon, lace, and plumage.

Many of the new passementeries are open patterned like the lace insertions of the summer, and are, as a rule, with straight edges, so that they can be arranged as in insertions over bright satin ribbon. Jacket bodices are trimmed with these passementeries and ribbons with charming effect.

The short jacket effects still continue to appear with the much-liked variation of making them double breasted all or a portion of the way down. Many of these jackets are part of the waist, being attached to it permanently, and are very often of wool over the silk; with sometimes a plastron placed at the throat covered with velvet.

Changeable effects still appear among silks, velvets, satins, silk and wool mixtures, etc., notwithstanding their long limit of favoritism. Corded surfaces also appear among very many of the fall novelties, these effects extending even to ribbed velvets.

Nid d'Abeille, or beehive effects are shown among new French goods, in all wool, in black and colors.

There is every indication that fine qualities of French and German broadcloth and Venetian and ladies' cloth will be in great use during the fall and winter for entire costumes, princess dresses, redingotes, capes, and jackets. The finish of these textiles this year is the finest that has ever been produced.

Amazon cloth is another fashionable material. These goods differ from broadcloth in having a semi-twilled surface which is not distinct, and which does not permit of the lustrous finish characteristic of the high-grade broadcloths. They are from 50 to 54 inches wide, and cost from $1.40 to $1 75 a yard.

The taste for soft, delicate woolens like India cashmere and Henrietta cloth is never wholly lost, although their attractions may be temporarily obscured by the more pronounced novelty of rough, shaggy, crinkled, or repped goods, not a few of which are rather deceptive as to durability, as many have discovered. The refinement that is characteristic of these soft woolens now marks the fashionable dyes among textiles noted above.

Foreign fashion leaders are at present vieing with each other in developing new ideas or reviving antique ones. As usual, in making these models each designer hopes that this will induce a sufficiently pronounced craze for that particular style to give him prestige among the trade.

An unusual amount of attention has been given to the various points of ladies' gowns this season—sleeves, belts, shape of bodice etc., and has extended noticeably to the skirt. Numerous assortments of different effects have been displayed, varying from the perfectly plain gored drop skirt to the full box or kilt plaited, the tendency being more toward full length trimmed skirts than toward draped skirts.

The proper cut in vogue in making up tailor cloths, rich silks, etc., is gored, shaping full at the bottom; perfectly plain to the figure, all the fullness being brought tightly back into narrow side plaits in the centre of the band. It is lined throughout with a material that gives it a slight stiffening, and around the bottom of the skirt is the usual interlining or facing. It is finished around the bottom with a foot flounce of silk to match lining, which is in bright contrast to the body of the skirt.

There has been a healthy reaction against skirts enormously full at the bottom; there are no more eight and ten yards round, but there is no change in the fashion situation, which has for the past year made plain wide skirts the unchangeable feature of all costumes. Despite many efforts to introduce panels and trimming effects, the plain untrimmed circular front skirt hanging extremely full holds its own.

The only stiffening now used in skirts—and even this is often omitted, is a five to ten inch facing of hair cloth, wire, canvas or crinoline around the bottom. The skirt should be lined throughout, the lining being cut exactly like the goods.

The neatest way to finish the placket is to turn in the edges of outside and lining just the depth of the seam and blind-stitch them together, tacking a string four inches wide for a flap on one side, and hooking it to the belt on the other side. A placket finish in this way will not gap.

Some of the new skirts are trimmed with narrow braid at the foot, set on in straight rows, or forming a small design at each seam.

Blue serge is the favorite, as it is the most useful material for children's dresses. It is made up in all ways. The perfectly plain skirt is in the circular shape.

The blouse bodice is ornamented with a deep collar of white cloth folded back with the fronts to show a vest to match, which is ornamented with loops of black cord and small gold buttons corresponding with the trimming on the large collar. The collar band is of white ribbon, with a bow of the same at the back. The belt is white leather. The plain sleeves has a puff from the shoulder to the elbow, and then fits the arm closely to the wrist.

The dark blue felt hat worn with this frock is simply trimmed with dark red satin ribbon.

In a very attractive autumn costume for a little girl of 8 years of age the skirt is of red serge, gathered on the narrow waistband and adorned at the hem with four rows of white braid, while four rows of the same encircles the skirt six inches above.

The blouse, made in sailor fashion, has a large sailor collar of white serge, bordered with five rows of red braid opening on a V-shaped gilet of the same. The sleeves are finished with white cuffs trimmed with red braid.

The jaunty little double-breasted coat is of bright red cloth, and will look well with any frock. The little collar and revers turning back leave the neck quite open, and display the white gilet beneath. A little pocket is at either side of the front, and white pearl buttons trim the front and sleeves. The cap is of red leather.

A golden brown serge with full skirt is enriched at the bottom with two rows of narrow black velvet ribbon.

The blouse bodice is adorned on either side of the front with large revers of the brown serge, which are faced with black velvet in such a manner as to leave a narrow border of the serge at the outer edges. In the centre of the front, extending from the neck to the waist, is a full vest of white silk crossed by two rows of shirring to simulate a yoke. The collar band is white silk. The belt with the gleg-o'-mutton sleeves are trimmed at the wrists with two rows of narrow velvet ribbon.

The hat with soft Tam-o'-Shanter crown is made of the brown serge, with black velvet ribbon surrounding the crown and forming a stylish bow at the side.

An attractive frock in a blue-and-white-checked woolen has the circular skirt enhanced at the hem with a single row of broad braid and a loop pattern carried out in narrow braid.

The bodice is made up on a fitted lining; the back is seamless and gathered at the waist only; in front, covering the fastening is a blouse of the serge, closely plaited at the neck, and spreading out and bagging at the waist.

This is secured to the bodice on the right side and fastened over with one or two hooks and eyes on the left. A collar, pointed in front but rounded at the back, is of white cloth, trimmed with white braid. The collar band is of the braided white cloth. The gigot sleeves are trimmed at the hands with two rows of braid.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Never finish a meringue by placing it in a hot oven. It should brown slowly in a cool oven, when it will rise high and be light and spongy.

If a clean cloth wrung out of water to which half a teaspoonful of ammonia has been added is used to wipe off a carpet which has been recently swept it will remove the dusty look and brighten the colors.

Do not throw away old preserve jars which have lost their covers or whose edges have been broken so that the covers will not fit tightly. They are excellent for holding pickles. When filled tie a piece of cotton cloth over the top to keep out insects, and put the jars away in the storeroom closet.

Grape jelly is one of the delights of the preserver because it never fails to "come." Stem the grapes carefully. Put them in a stone jar and set it in boiling water. Let the water boil around the covered jar from half to three-quarters of an hour.

Mash the grapes when they are thoroughly heated, to let the juice run out. When they are well cooked strain them through a sheer cloth of unbleached cotton.

For the finest jelly use the juice that drips through first, and for the second quality, which is good enough for jelly cake, squeeze the pulp and extract all you can by pressure. Measure out the two qualities of juice by themselves, allowing a pound of granulated sugar for every pint of juice. Put the sugar in the oven in a tin pan, while you boil the juice down in a porcelain kettle. When the juice has boiled twenty minutes add the hot sugar. It will melt into the boiling juice with a hissing sound. The moment it is melted and boils up again the jelly has "come" and is ready to put into bowls. When it is cold set it away uncovered in a cool place. The next morning it should be firm and perfect. Cover it closely with two rounds of paper which have been dipped in brandy and pressed down against the jelly. The precaution is especially necessary with grape jelly, which is peculiarly liable to mould.

There is a theory among old-fashioned housekeepers that a thick layer of mould on top of the jelly, so long as it does not appear in spots, is a preservative. But the good housekeeper desires a jelly preserved without any indication of this kind; and it is a decided injury to fruits sent for sale to the exchanges to find any appearance of a mouldy crust. Seal up the bowls of jelly with a paper the quality of common writing paper, using the white of an egg for mucilage. Rub the white of an egg over the top of the covers to fill up the pores of the paper.

In putting up grape jelly it is well to put, as an extra precaution, a layer of cotton wadding tied closely over the top. So long as this wadding remains intact it is a certain preventive of the entrance of germ-life. Care should be taken to secure ripe grapes that are thoroughly sound. None that show the slightest tendency to wrinkle or fall from the stem should be used. The wild fox grape, the great Northern grape of our forest, make the best green grape jelly. Excellent ripe grape jelly may be made from Concord grapes, showing none of that muskiness of flavor which is so objectionable in the fresh fruit.

New Potatoes, Sautes.—Scrape, and boil them until just tender; then split them down if they are large, if small leave them whole. Place them in a small pan with a little butter, some chopped parsley, and a sprinkle of pepper and salt. Let them frizzle, but not to brown, stirring them about continuously and often.

German Fried Potatoes.—Take four boiled potatoes; when cold, slice thin crosswise. Put a tablespoonful of drippings in a frying pan and fry light brown, stirring frequently. While cooking sprinkle over them a saltspoonful of salt and one of pepper.

Cold Veal Tongue.—Take two veal tongues and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Leave in the water until cold and then remove the skin from them and slice very thin. This makes a pretty dish, garnish with celery leaves and hard boiled eggs.

Apple Paste.—Pare and core the apples and stew them to a pulp, with a little bit of cinnamon and some finely peeled lemon rind; then rub this all through a sieve. It should be a dry marmalade. Now weigh out an equal weight of sugar and boil it until, on dipping your fingers into cold water and into the boiling sugar and back into the cold water again, the sugar will form a ball that will be pliable when cold; now mix in the apple pulp, and boil it till thoroughly blended, then press it out on a slab, sprinkle it with sugar, cut it out in fingers, rounds, etc., as you please, then set them in the oven to dry gently and pack in airtight tins between sheets of grease-proof paper.

Dumplings for Pot Pie.—Are you ever troubled to make good, light dumplings? Try this way once and see if you do not like it. For eight dumplings put two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and two cups of flour into a bowl and mix thoroughly. Add a half teaspoonful of salt and enough sweet milk or cold water to make a very stiff batter or dough, so thick that it will hardly drop from a spoon. Stir thoroughly, then drop on top of boiling meat and cook briskly for twenty minutes.

Lettuce Sandwich.—Select large flat leaves of the lettuce, put a layer of leaves, spread with prepared mustard or horse radish, on a thinly buttered slice of bread. Cover with lettuce leaves, then lay on another slice of bread. Trim neatly and serve on a bed of lettuce. When making lettuce sandwiches there is nothing nicer than to spread the bread with a mayonnaise dressing instead of butter. This is seasoning enough for the lettuce. In using cucumber the best seasoning would be salt and red pepper. A very little salt, for too much would wilt the cucumber and make it tough.

Oyster Salad.—Select large, plump oysters, allow six oysters to each person, parboil them in their own juice and drain quite dry. Cut up the oysters into bits and mix with lettuce. Stir thoroughly through the mixture the dressing. For this use one egg for every two persons. Boil them 20 minutes and then peel. Separate the whites from the yolks. Cut the whites into bits and then add the oysters and lettuce. Place the yolks in a flat-bottomed pudding dish or a soup plate if a small quantity is to be made. To the boiled yolks add raw ones in the proportion of one to every six cooked eggs. Reserve the raw white for future use. With a spoon mash together the cooked and raw eggs, then pour in olive oil slowly, stirring vigorously all the while. Continue adding oil and stirring until a sufficient quantity is obtained. Then add mustard salt, lemon juice and pepper to taste. Lastly beat the whites of the eggs stiff and stir into the dressing. The addition of the whites of the eggs gives a creamy quality to the dressing, and is a decided improvement. Sometimes the oil and eggs will curdle. In this case stir in a little mustard. If this should fail, then add a little of the beated white and the mixture will be smooth again. This dressing is the best known for all salads.

Pears in Brandy.—Take fine, rich, juicy, but not very ripe pears, put them into a saucepan with cold water to cover them; set them over a gentle fire, and simmer them until they will yield to the pressure of your finger, then put them in cold water; pare them with the greatest care, so that not a single defect may remain; make a syrup of three-quarters of a pound of white sugar for each one pound of fruit, and a teacupful of water to each pound of sugar; when the syrup is clear and boiling hot, put in the pears, boil them gently till they are done through and clear, and the syrup is rich; now take them with a skimmer into glass jars; boil the syrup thick, then mix with it a gill of brandy to each pint, pour it over the fruit, and when cold cover over closely.

How to Mend Ill-Temper.—Ill-temper is a habit, and grows with every repetition, while it weakens with lack of exercise. In dealing with a child, it is now acknowledged by all thinking people that to remove the causes of a fault, or to check it in the bud, is incomparably better than to antagonize it afterwards, for thus a good habit is formed and an evil one hindered. And what is thus true in child-nature is equally so in all human nature.

Sympathy, in its best sense, is a potent instrument in allaying this evil. If we did but realize the mental condition of the one we blame for giving way to anger or irritability or fretfulness, we should usually find more reason to soothe than to condemn.

At all events, most of us have proved the futility of criticism on this point; and the true appreciation which comes from a wise sympathy will suggest many far more potent methods.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature" among its other contents for October contains: "The Battle of the Standards in America," "Children's Theology," "Literary Ladies," "The Autonomy of Labor," "The Cuban Question," "Recent Science," "The First Nest of a Rookery," "The Cemetery of the Lilies," "The English Ranchwoman," "The Old Life of the Inns" and "Matthew Prior." Published at 129 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The October Cassell's Family Magazine contains the following excellent table of contents: "The Specter Ship," "Mr. W. H. Grenfell of Taplow Court," "For One Hour," "Romance in Aar," "The Cycling Academy," "A Puritan's Wife," "The Atlantic Greyhound of the Future," and others. The frontispiece is entitled "Old Israel Answered with a Bullet." Published at New York.

The complete novel in the October issue of Lippincott's is "The Crown Prince of Hexanis," by Edward S. Van Zile. Some of the leading writers of the country have fresh and interesting stories and up to date articles on various live topics, while the departments are also full of the best of matter. Published in this city.

The X Ray or Photography of the Unseen is a little volume issued by competent medical authority, explaining and describing this wonderful discovery in a popular and interesting manner. It is illustrated with a large number of pictures that add greatly to its value. Published by the American Technical Book Company, New York.

Appletons' Popular Science Monthly for October contains: "The Metric System," "Nevada Silver," illustrated; "A Measure of Mental Capacity," "Some Beginnings in Science," illustrated; "Acetylene, the New Illuminant," "The Significance of Leaves," illustrated; "The Educative Value of Children's Questioning," "The Self and Its Derangements," "Exaggeration as an Æsthetic Factor," and the valuable departments. Published at New York.

"The Quiver" for October furnishes a generous supply of Sunday and general reading. The fiction includes installments of two serials and two complete stories, all illustrated and a number of pictorial papers. Besides the foregoing, there are many unillustrated articles a musical composition and the departments. Published at New York.

Mythology of Gems.

PLINY says that in gems we have all the majesty of Nature gathered in a small compass, and that in no other of her works has she produced anything so admirable.

All ancient writer maintain strict silence regarding the birthplace of gems. This is accounted for by the extreme jealousy with which the nations who traded in them endeavored to conceal the sources whence they drew their rich merchandise.

When the truth could not be wholly concealed, it was transfigured by fables, and these fables were always of a nature to deter adventurers from entering into competition, and also perhaps to add supernatural value to the gems.

For instance, the finest Oriental emeralds were reported to lie in Syrian gold mines, guarded by ferocious griffins.

This and similar fictions were sanctioned by the testimony of Pliny, Pomponius Mela, Strabo, Pausanias, and other serious writers.

Strabo asserted that certain death awaited the stranger who navigated towards the island of Sardinia or the Pillars of Hercules (south-west of Spain). This report was circulated by the Carthaginians, who were extremely jealous of any approach to an island whence they obtained the sardonyx. According to Heeren, the Etruscans and Carthaginians carried on a large trade in diamonds and other precious stones which they obtained from the interior of Africa.

It is a fact that the Arabs to this day entertain the same superstitious fears with regard to mines that the ancients did, and believe them to be the refuge of snakes, wolves, and other beasts of prey and the abode of demons, who resent intrusion.

It is almost impossible to identify the gems mentioned by the ancients. In the Bible all the precious stones known to us are supposed to be named. The vestments of the high-priest glittered with jewels; and it has been conjectured that the two onyx stones that were placed on the shoulders of the ephod were in reality diamonds. Whether the stone called shamir is the diamond remains a question yet unsolved.

We labor under the same uncertainty with regard to other gems. The ancients gave the name of smaragdus, which we take to have been the emerald, to stones of a very different kind.

The description given by Pliny of the emerald only suits the peridot, a yellowish-green stone found in Cyprus, which has also been denominated the bastard emerald.

The sapphire of the ancients is thought by mineralogists to be nothing more than our lapis-lazuli.

In the East, wealth was estimated by the value of the jewels a man had more than by the value of any other kind of property. Very beautiful are many of the metaphors in which the Oriental poets have used them.

The Talmud says that Noah had no other light in the ark than that given forth by precious stones; also that Abraham, jealous of his numerous wives, kept them shut up in an iron city, of which the walls were so high that the sun, moon and stars were invisible to its inhabitants. To supply light Abraham gave the women a great bowl full of jewels, sufficient to illuminate the whole city.

There is an oriental tradition to the effect that Abraham wore a precious stone round his neck which preserved him from disease, and which cured sickness when looked upon.

At the death of the Patriarch, God placed this stone in the sun: hence the Hebrew proverb, "When the sun rises the disease will abate."

Every precious stone has its special virtue, though some properties might be said to belong to all. The more precious the stone, the more powerful were its virtues.

The Diamond.—Diamond was the name of a beautiful youth of the island of Crete, one of the attendants of the infant Jupiter in his cradle.

Diamond, not to be subject to "the ills that flesh is heir to," was transformed into the hardest and most brilliant substance in nature.

In Arabic and Persian works on natural history, Aristotle is generally quoted as the chief authority for the story of the inaccessible valley of diamonds, where it was the custom to throw down pieces of flesh as the only means of procuring the gems. Vultures picked up these with the precious stones attached to them, and dropped them in their flight on various parts of the earth.

Marco Polo, who traveled in India in the thirteenth century, gave much the same account of the method of procuring diamonds.

One of the adventures of Sindbad the Sailor in the "Arabian Nights" is almost identical, and Epiphanius in the fourth century writes to much the same effect.

The diamond was called adamas, which means indomitable. It was never pounded and taken internally like other stones, because it was considered indigestible.

The diamond had the virtue of bestowing victory and fortitude. It calmed anger and strengthened wedded love; hence it was called the stone of reconciliation.

The learned De Boot takes occasion to discourse at some length as to whether the power of discrimination between right and wrong, legal and illegal love, is a natural quality of the stone or belongs to a spirit residing in it.

That diamonds preserved their owners from the plague was considered fully proved by the fact that the plague at first only attacked the poorer classes, and that the rich, who wore diamonds in profusion, usually escaped.

Though the diamond was not supposed to be fusible by fire, the splendor of its lustre and its properties were thought to be affected by heat, for which reason Wolfgangus Gabelschoverus advices all who wear these gems to take them off at night and place them in cold water or on a marble slab.

Among the ancients the diamond was a symbol of severe and inexorable justice and of the impassibility of fate. Hence the judges of Hades were described as having hearts of adamant. A Jewish legend relates of the gem, supposed to have been a diamond, worn on the ephod of Aaron, that when a man really guilty was charged with a crime the jewel became dark and dim; if the accused were innocent, it sparkled with increased lustre. But all these wonderful virtues are eclipsed and thrown into the shade by one most marvelous and unique—for it was attributed to no other gem—the faculty of multiplying its species!

Boetius de Boot, quoting from another learned man, relates that a lady of good family had two hereditary diamonds which produced several others and thus left a posterity.

The comments of the narrator are no less curious than the statement itself; but he does not inform us whether these descendants were born small and grew in size from infancy to maturity.

The Ruby, called by the Greeks anthrax (live coal).—The Oriental ruby, or carbuncle of the ancients, either worn as an ornament or reduced to powder and taken internally, was an antidote to poison and a preservative against the plague.

It banished sadness, repressed sensuality, put to flight evil thoughts, dispelled fearful dreams, diverted the mind, and guarded against illness generally.

If misfortune threatened the wearer it gave him warning by a change of color, which darkened greatly, but when the evil or peril was no longer to be feared it resumed its usual hue.

This stone had its evil effects also. It shortened the sleep of the wearer, agitated and disturbed the circulation of the blood, inclining him to anger.

Pliny tells that "there are male and female carbuncles, the males being more acrid and vigorous, the females more languishing."

The Sapphire.—This stone to look at, was considered excellent for the eyesight. Powder of sapphires placed on the eyes drew out dust or insects, and cured inflammation.

So great was the power of the sapphire on venomous creatures that if one were over the mouth of a phial containing a spider, the insect died instantly. Worn on the heart, it cured fever and bestowed health and energy.

Its power to inspire pure and chaste thoughts caused it to be recommended to be worn by ecclesiastics. The ancients held it in the highest honor. At the sacrifices to Phœbus, his worshippers, to propitiate him, offered him a sapphire.

Epiphanius states that the vision which appeared to Moses on the mount was in a sapphire, and that the first tables of the law given by God were written on this stone.

St. Jerome, in his explanation of the nineteenth chapter of Isaiah, asserts that the sapphire conciliates to the wearer the favor of princes, calms the fury of his enemies, dispels enchantments, delivers from prison, and softens the ire of God.

Lapidaries designated the deep stone the male, the pale blue the female.

The Emerald.—The first emeralds known came from the mountains of Africa, between Ethiopia and Egypt. Pliny mentions Scythia as the country whence in his days the best were brought.

He asserts that the emerald gives forth an exceedingly brilliant light, and tells a story about the tomb of a king called Hermias in the island of Cyprus.

On the tomb was a marble lion with emerald eyes; and such was the extraordinary brilliance of the emeralds, and so far out to sea did it extend, that the frightened fish fled from those shores. The fishermen having ascertained the cause, removed the emeralds, and substituted less costly eyes.

The emerald was held sacred among the Israelites and also among the American Indians, the stone being set in the seals which the pontiffs of both nations wore on their arms, and in a ring on the first finger of the right hand was an emerald. Nero used an emerald to watch the contests of gladiators.

The gem, worn as an amulet about the neck or set in a ring, put to flight evil spirits, and was a preserver of chastity. Peroontra it betrayed inconstancy by crumbling into fragments when unable to prevent evil. It taught knowledge of secrets and of future events, bestowed eloquence, and increased wealth.

Taken as a powder, the emerald was a cure for venomous bites, for fevers, and many diseases. Worn round the neck of a child, it guarded from epilepsy. If powerless to prevent or cure evil it shivered into atoms.

It was a restorer of sight and memory. De Boot gives the method employed for extracting from emeralds their coloring matter, which was taken internally.

The Topas.—To this stone, the chrysolite of the ancients, was attributed much the same quality as to the ruby; of giving light in the dark.

Worn on the left hand, it preserved from sensuality. It calmed anger and frenzy; it expelled night terrors, banished melancholy, strengthened the intellect, cured cowardice, brightened wit. Powdered and taken in wine, it cured asthma, want of sleep, and other maladies.

The Opal.—Called by the ancients pederos, from puer, a child, because, like a fair innocent child, it was worthy of all love. The opal was also named ceraunium (Latin) and keraunios (Greek), from a notion that it was a thunderstone.

The gem was not regarded by the ancients as a bringer of misfortune. As it united in itself the colors of every other precious stone, it was supposed to possess all their qualities, both moral and healing.

It was deemed especially good for the eyesight, keeping it clear and strong, hence the name of "opal," or "eye-stone." The French consider it unlucky, that it has "the evil eye," but how it first came to be so regarded in modern times, I regret to say, I have failed to discover.

When first taken out of the earth the opal is very soft, but it hardens and diminishes in bulk by exposure to the air. This may in some manner account for the legend that opals have been known to contract until they almost entirely disappear for a time, and then expand to their original size.

Many moderns tell of opals coming into their possession and apparently bringing misfortunes with them. It is not considered lucky to give an opal.

Some say it is like helping you to salt, which means helping you to sorrow. A woman I knew vowed she met with nothing but disasters after an opal ring was given to her.

She tried to lose it by dropping it in the street; once she flung it in the fire, but in vain; it was invariably returned to her.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

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CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for Every Pain. Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest, or Limbs. It was the first and is the only Pain Remedy

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Biliousness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles

Sick Headache, Female Complaints, Biliousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation And all Disorders of the Liver.

Observe the following symptoms, resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

PRICE 25 CTS. A BOX. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Humorous.

THE SEQUEL:

When the owl and the pussy-cat put to sea
In their pea-green boat so fair,
The parson good from out of the wood
Married the happy pair.

Kind Mr. Lear leaves us just here
And nothing further is stated,
But I've recently heard, by a small-sized bird,
From the pair so happily mated.

The little bird told me, so pray don't scold me,
I state but what I've heard,
That the owl and cat, in a worn-out hat,
Were nursing a small cat-bird.

—W. A. S.

The dentist at least appreciates an open countenance.

The two best ships in the world— Courtship and Friendship.

Why is a sloop emblematic of the past and future?—Because it is a fore-and-after.

When a lady faints, what figure should you bring her?—You should bring her two."

"He's a despicable hypocrite!"

"So!"

"Yes, sir. Why, I wouldn't pump the same air he breathes into my bicycle tires!"

Doctor: To the best of my judgment you are suffering from gastritis.

Patient: I knew it. I got it in the cellar fooling with the gas meter.

"Why do people always say 'Hi' when they want to stop a stage?"

"Because they don't want to tantalize the horses by shouting 'Hay.'"

She: Why is it, when physicians are ill, they never attend to their own cases?

He: I don't know, but I should say it was because they can't charge themselves anything for it.

Mrs. Sayit: My husband says that the silver question is becoming a serious matter.

Mrs. Cashman: I have given little attention to it, because my husband pays our bills by cash.

"You really must impress upon John the folly of his line of action."

"What's the use? He won't pay the least attention to me; he'll only listen to fools now." After a pause—"You speak to him."

"It is said," said one girl, "that many men nowadays have a great deal more money than brains."

"Yes," sighed another, "and so little money at that."

A negro preacher who had been car- rying on a protracted meeting in Stewart county was asked how he got on with the meeting.

"First rate," said he; "I made 70 convicts the first night."

First humorist, gloomily: My wife says she can't see anything funny in half the things I write.

Second humorist: Don't be discouraged, old boy. If she thinks half of them are funny, she does better than most of us.

Dukane: Isn't your friend Manchester a Prohibitionist?

Gaswell: Not that I know of. What makes you ask?

Dukane: His favorite expression is: Well, I should smile!

Nell: If Madge detests young Sap- leigh so much, why does she turn the gas down in the parlor when he is there?

Belle: Madge is a camera fiend, you know; and she naturally chooses a dark room to develop a negative.

Slobbs: I never laughed so much in my life, as I did at the variety show last night.

Blobbs: Why, I thought it was stupid.

Slobbs: Oh, I don't mean the show. I was reading the jokes on the programme.

"Well, Johnnie," said the visitor, "I suppose you'll begin going to school again very soon."

"Yes."

"Do you like going to school?"

"Yes; it's staying there after I get there that I don't like."

Jacob: How did you make your for- tune?

Isaac: On horse-racing.

Jacob: What? I never knew you betted.

Isaac: I didn't. I started a pawn-shop just opposite the entrance to the racecourse for the accommodation of people who wanted to get home when the races were over.

Visitor: Don't you guarantee to re- fund the money when you don't cure?

Patent medicine man: Certainly.

Visitor: Well, I've been using your remedy for five years, and I'm not cured!

Patent medicine man: Keep right on, my dear sir! If our remedy fails we will refund the money to your executors on presentation of proper proof.

"Too bad," said Muggsley, "another man gone wrong."

"Who?"

"Jones," was the answer.

"What has he done?"

"Nothing. He's dead."

"Well, what do you mean by saying he's gone wrong?"

"Because I have a rattling good idea where he's gone."

THE REST OF RACES.

For us the attitude of repose is sitting or lying down, and we are apt to believe that there can be no others. Nevertheless numerous races rest with crossed legs like our tailors, others kneel, and still others crouch down.

So far as we know no work has been written on this subject. Nevertheless it is important to understand these different attitudes, and to see under what influences they vary.

We may thus avoid the error of representing savages seated or lying down like Europeans—an error that was committed at an anthropologic exhibition at Prague, where plaster models of Hottentots and Zulus were shown seated in postures that real Hottentots never assume.

Photographs of these impossible groups were sent to numerous anthropological societies. Primitive savages crouch down, while their women kneel. The crouching posture, fatiguing for us, is so natural to them that they can sleep in this position.

The low-caste Hindus sleep thus, and in the Trocadero Museum an ancient terra-cotta figure shows a crouching Peruvian with closed eyes and head inclined.

A certain degree of civilization brings the position with legs crossed as with our tailors, with many variants, and a higher civilization causes the chair to be adopted. But at first the sitter does not place himself squarely with both legs hanging; he raises one and keeps it on the seat.

Thus the classic attitude of the negro is the crouching one, and that of the negress the kneeling. As for their children, they generally kneel like their mothers, but rarely crouch.

Exceptionally, negroes can be seen sitting cross legged. But the fetish worshipping negro, far from contact with the white, crouches, though in divers fashions.

In different places (Guinea, Congo, sources of the Nile) they make use of supports 7 to 11 inches high, cut from a piece of wood and of variable form according to the country. Sometimes (in Guinea) it is a round stick supported by a single massive central foot or by tires and even four feet.

At other times (on the Congo) it is a square whose sides, raised at right and left, are upborne by four cylindrical legs. In the upper Nile region (Dinkas and Nouers) the seats have four feet, those of the lake regions have three; others, lower, have only two large ones on the sides.

The seats of chiefs are higher and have supports carved to represent human figures. But in certain localities, in more direct contact with Europeans, the chiefs sit on chairs, generally of European make. The Polynesians have a very different posture of repose. They do not crouch, but sit with crossed legs. The same custom exists in all the Polynesian islands, Hawaii, New Zealand, etc.

Let us now examine the white races of Europe and America, who sit when they rest. The cross-legged attitude exists no longer except among tailors. Crouching causes fatigue, and is resorted to only when it is desired to pick up or gather something.

Even when the white man finds no seat he sits on the ground with legs outstretched or half bent, as is shown very frequently in photographs of Russian or Roumanian peasants. We should note, however, among the women great facility in kneeling at work, as when they are washing linen.

The Semites have a custom opposed to ours; they make no use of chairs. In Mussulman countries the customary position is that called Turkish, with crossed legs like our tailors.

Sometimes we may see Arabs resting with their backs against a wall, the legs half bent in an attitude which is not crouching, but which approaches it. In Turkey and Persia the favorite position is that of kneeling. In the Persian salons the invited guests who know the correct thing place themselves on their knees against the wall.

The tailor attitude, which both men and women assume, is regarded as uncivil. Chairs are little used even among the rich; when they are employed one leg is placed on the seat, Turkish fashion, while the other hangs down; or, yet again, with one hand they hold one foot as is done in the East.

Crouching is exceptional. In Egypt the fellahs retain the four postures of their ancestors, the kneeling, the sitting, the cross-legged, and the sitting upon the ground with legs joined. All four date from the eighteenth dynasty.

Let us now study the Dindu and Sino Japanese races. There also we find other modes of repose. The crouching attitude is reserved in India, China, and Japan for lower castes. The Chinese and the Manchus regard it as incorrect.

It is also the posture of aboriginal savages, of conquered races, such as the Jakuns and the Orang-Battaks of Sumatra. In resting Hindus and yellow races sit cross legged on the ground or with one leg bent as in crouching, and the other lying flat. The big joints are very supple, whence an infinite variety of poses.

Sometimes in Siam one leg is placed parallel to and under the other; the bonzes are accustomed to place the right leg over the left, with the sole of the foot upward. This is a pious attitude supposed to resemble that of Buddha. When the Siamese woman makes a call, she begins by kneeling, but in a few minutes she throws her feet to one side, carrying the body to the right or left, and varying the side according to her fatigue.

Let us pass on to America. Before the Spanish conquest the native races of Mexico appeared to have used postures of repose analogous to those of the Orient.

It is probable that in America at this epoch the differentiation of castes caused variety in attitudes.

The common people crouched, the wealthy classes sat cross legged, the gods and kings sat on seats. The native races of North America crouched rarely. The men sit cross legged; the women kneel.

ROYAL GIFTS OF THE SOUL.—A poetical writer has said that some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their strength and sweetness, as the orchards in October days fill the air with the ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. How great a bounty and blessing is it to hold the royal gifts of the soul that they shall be music to some, fragrance to others, and life to all!

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No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 28, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
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Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.20, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.00 a m, 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 4.02, 5.00, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.30, 10.10, 11.50 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.55, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.1 night.

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Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 8.15 a.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train); 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.34, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.24, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.20, 6.34, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

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For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 5.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. Accom., 6.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom. 6.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves; Week-days—Express, 9.00, 10.45 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1 00 Excursion train, 7 10 a m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.04, 7.45, 8.15, 9 00 a m, 3.30, 5.30, 7.40 p m. Accommodation, 7.35 a m, 4.3. p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.00, 7. 0, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m. $1.00 Excursion train (from foot Mississippi avenue only), 6.10 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

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